JAMES
JOYCE

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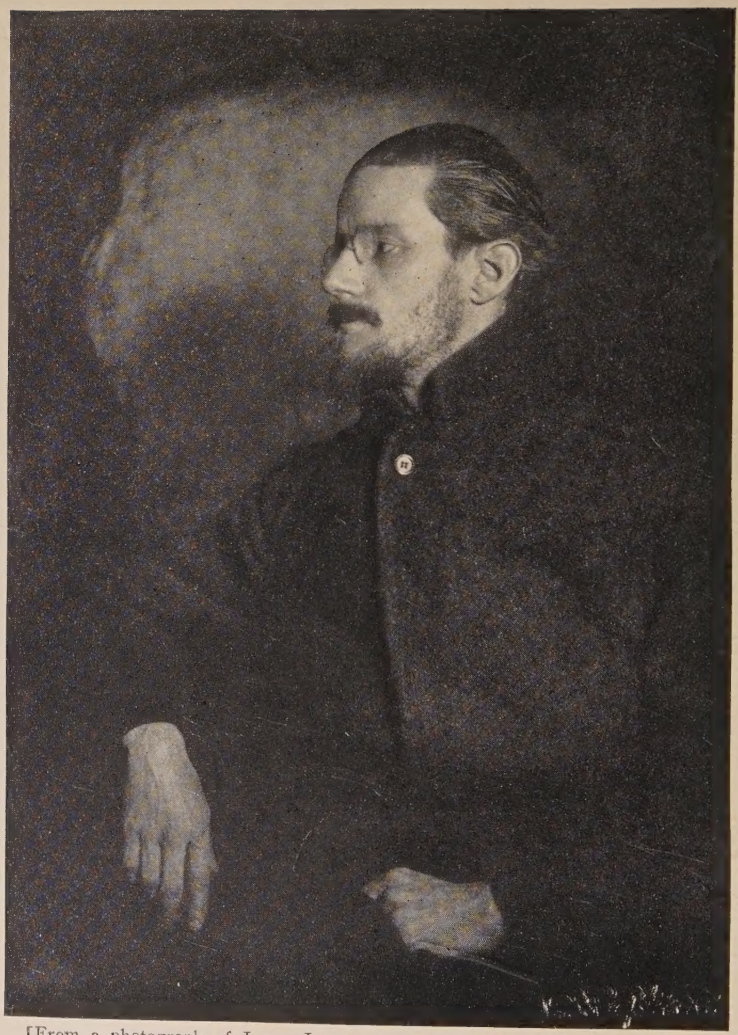

[From a photograph of James Joyce, 1921. Courtesy of Mr. John Quinn.]

To
John Quinn
James Joyce
Paris 7.2.921

JAMES JOYCE

HIS FIRST FORTY YEARS

by

HERBERT S. GORMAN

Author of "The Fool of Love," "The Barcarole of James Smith," "The Procession of Masks," *etc.*

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FOREWORD

It should be explained immediately that this book is more expositional than critical. Its primary purpose is to furnish an idea of what James Joyce has done in letters with particular emphasis on "Ulysses." That astonishing volume is so difficult to procure and yet so widely discussed that there would seem to be a place for a short study which would outline just what it is and what it attempts to do. And in order to understand the place which "Ulysses" occupies in contemporary letters one must also understand the steps by which Joyce approached it and, so far as a stranger may intimate, the attitude of mind which brought it into being. Therefore, the reader will discover the chapters on "Ulysses" to be more than is usually the case in critical studies a presentation of subject-matter. The criticism follows the exposition and acts as a corollary to it. In a work that is not definitive

it is, of course, evident that many attractive by-paths of conjecture have been ignored. These must be left for other critics. The author should also explain that his familiarity with Dublin is mainly a matter of documents, friendly conversations and letters.

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HERBERT S. GORMAN

JAMES JOYCE

I

1

Any broad observation of modern Irish letters will reveal a deliberate shifting of modes, the slow turning of an emerald so that its varying facets strike the light. From polemic outbursts occasioned by a thwarted sense of nationality through a dreamlike return to the pale wizardry of the ancient gods down to an autochthonous naturalism which embraced dramatic representations of peasant-life, the Irish Revival has steadily marched toward a cerebral revelation of the essential Celtic spirit. In practically every case these differing genres of literary approach were created and made vital by solitary figures; a single poet or play-wright or prose-writer dominated his material to such an extent as to render it a small world in itself and one capable of sustenance for

lesser individualities. Thus we find Mr. William Butler Yeats fashioning an entire world from Gaelic legendry, a world of pale moonlight and sliding cadences and faltering phrases, astonishing in its mournful magic and heroic as the woven figures on old tapestries are heroic. And in the plays of John M. Synge we find the definitive creation of a peasant-drama which had been but vaguely intimated by two or three earlier writers of plays. These men made possible the careers of many writers who were to follow, writers who (like most disciples) crystallized the form until it became hard as agate and entirely lost that spontaneous wizardry which had originally fashioned the genres into such marvellous creations. It is interesting to note that the immersion in naturalistic themes followed hard upon the heels of Mr. Yeats's delicate symbolism. Indeed, it was predicated in the older poet's work and it is difficult to disentangle any of the threads of contemporary Irish literary development from his verse and plays and essays. His nature was fountain-like and more often than not we may guess that he flung forth far more than he realized. His later work shows a decided departure from

the achievements of "The Wanderings of Oisin," "The Wind Among the Reeds" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," but it is a departure to be observed in the whole trend of Irish letters as well. He has moved with the Time-Spirit and the Time-Spirit in Ireland has progressed inevitably toward the subjective and the cerebral. It is not so much mysticism (and, of course, no Roman-Catholic country can wholly escape mysticism) as it is an interior realism. From the obvious, though intense, outcries of the school of Davis and Mangan, Ireland has passed through a sudden literary rebirth in the belated recognition of its own huge province of native material. Exhausting (or rather being satiated) with this rich heritage the modern writers have turned to the depiction of *moeurs contemporains*. An inward groping was the natural corollary. Man progresses through God to man by a most reasonable road. It is but a consistent step, after all, from the exalted mysticism of A. E. and the mournful symbolism of William Butler Yeats to the meticulous spiritual analyses of James Joyce.

William Butler Yeats himself has made a par-

tial step in that direction. He is, of course, never a realist in the Zolaesque sense for that would be entirely foreign to his nature; but he is less concerned with dreams as dreams to-day than he is with the hidden vibrations of the brain and the world's reaction upon them. The dark, grave, intense lyrics of his later manner are no less a vital expression of the essential Irish nature than the dreamlike passionate music that was his during the 1890s. In a certain sense Yeats was the self-constituted father of the Celtic Renascence and if various movements did not actually stem from him he had but to spread his cloak a little wider and so, at least, be in juxtaposition with them. It was in the conscious retreat from this resistless mantle that some of the new genres came into vogue. If Mr. Yeats was blowing the fine breath of life into his symbols and being instructed in the "Seven Sacred Trances" by Madame Blavatsky a certain type of young intelligence would not walk that way. There were men who would not be disciples and in a physically circumscribed literary movement which was bounded by the extent of a single city not to be a disciple meant to be either an abrupt and

emphatic individuality or nothing. It may be imagined that nothing but an intellectual pride, a Satanic concentration on mental aloofness, an intense self-confidence in one's philosophic and æsthetic leadership made such an attitude tenable. So when we find Mr. James Joyce remarking to Yeats, "We have met too late; you are too old to be influenced by me," [1] we can understand that the supremely impertinent attitude postulated more than a fiendish *bon mot*. It was most assuredly a serious assertion by one who knew whereof he was speaking. Joyce was that high type of literary artist who is thoroughly selfish and inwardly gazing at all times. The world as such meant less to him than the world's reactions upon his mind and spirit. All things that touched him, that met his gaze instantly assumed a personal significance. We can hardly picture him dying for a lost cause unless the lost cause happened to be himself and then we may be sure that he would mount the fagot with considerable agility.

[1] This statement and several of the following facts are taken from Padraic Colum's excellent article, "With James Joyce in Ireland," from the New York *Times* of June 11, 1922. The conclusions drawn from them are my own.

There is a pride in this attitude that induces arrogance and James Joyce is possibly the most arrogant writer that Ireland has produced. He proudly lifts himself beyond nationalistic considerations if not above them and because this is so his cosmos extends farther than a single island. It embraces all Europe. Yet he is entirely Irish, the product of Irish culture and religion and instincts. This can never be doubted. Any attempt to cut him off from Irish letters will be foredoomed to failure. His attitude toward Ireland as Ireland was patent in 1901 when he published (together with another writer) the little pamphlet entitled "The Day of the Rabblement." This was when he was but 19 years old. In that pamphlet he belittled the idea of a National Theatre for Ireland and even suggested that any funds obtained might be better invested in the production of European masterpieces. This possibly sounded more unpatriotic than it was meant to be. I doubt whether Joyce is either patriotic or unpatriotic. He is not provincial and he refuses to circumscribe his mind with the Atlantic Ocean and the Irish Sea. The Irish Movement had no allegiance from him because

he was a movement within himself, or, at least, imagined that he was.[1] A. E., according to Padraic Colum, once remarked to Joyce, "I'm afraid you have not enough chaos in you to make a world." We can imagine the extremely self-confident young man that would occasion such a remark. Joyce had no faith in enthusiasm as such and he refused to permit himself to be stampeded into undertakings of any sort. He was reserved, autocratic, thoroughly cognizant that he did not agree with others and inwardly boiling with his own reactions to things.

Here was a young man who had been flung head-foremost into the writings of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas in a Jesuit school and therefore naturally a dialectician. The hair-splitting strangeness of scholastic philosophy (long dormant in modern letters) had been bred in him. His scheme of things was based upon these men and together with it went his self-disillusionment in the Roman-Catholic Church. He possessed the virtue of a proud courage in his convictions, laughing at and slighting the Greek epics, for in-

[1] He was the only student to deny his signature to the letter of protest against Yeats's play, "Countess Cathleen," refusing from the very first to run with the herd.

stance, because they were anterior to European civilization and therefore outside of that tradition of culture which made its greatest gesture in Dante's "Divine Comedy." How appropriate it seems now that "The Divine Comedy" should have absorbed him so. Dante placed his friends and enemies in Heaven and Hell. He worked through the lives about him and intermingled them with the heroes of past times in one colossal scheme. Poetry and mysticism, the analysis of the heart and the theological assumptions of the mind, Francesca in the undying flames and Farinata in the burning tomb, and the god-like disposal of the universe, Dante having his own Judgment Day, how vivid this must have seemed to Joyce beside the colder, more pellucid magic of Homer. From the very beginning Joyce was a cerebralist but a cerebralist entangled in the blazing web of an adjusted emotionalism. Though the man himself may have been cold and deftly malicious in his mental quirks his work has never been cold. It has been malicious, perhaps; most Irishmen will say so. But it has also been potent with an alarming sense of reality, a biting truthfulness that seems to be the result of narrowed

observation and an unimpassioned orientation of facts by the brain.

Yet unimpassioned as his actual literary and technical procedures may be it is manifest that Joyce has been from the first of an extremely sensitive temperament. It was, perhaps, this extraordinary sensitiveness (wherein is centred both the delight and grief of the creative writer) that induced and compelled that loneliness of attitude which is so peculiarly his own in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Ulysses." His acute and thin-skinned instincts tortured him into a spiritual flagellation above which his brain brooded, analysing with a painful patience the innumerable gestures of a "world grown old and sick and dreary." His own existence becomes an indictment of his environment; that, at least, seems plain. The fluid-stream of his consciousness flowing inevitably through the subterranean course of his mind is the protagonist of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and the partial-protagonist of "Ulysses." Both books are tragic in their implications; both are imbued with the high loneliness of the imaginative Celtic temperament. Together with this emotional

distrust of time and place and God goes a well-defined æsthetic, a continual process of art-refinement and intellectual conception that must, at times, render most other writers of more blind instinct and easier progress intolerable botchers to Joyce. We may be sure that he will never condone mental sluggishness.

He is concerned with the rare capture and precise revelation of thought at that white moment when it is most itself and burnt clear of all ulterior dross. His craftsmanship becomes, in effect, a rigorous application of technical precision and his genius is high enough to formulate and definitely establish a new technique of his own which shall paralyse us by its inevitable logic. Technical considerations should always be subservient to the matter itself and the success of "Ulysses," for instance, can only be measured by the degree with which technique and subject-matter have fused in that fine marriage which shall most luminously outline and reveal the author's intention. When such a fine marriage has been indubitably consummated the result is a new style which will be both an inspiration and an extreme danger to other writers.

The progress of James Joyce toward the style exemplified in "Ulysses," (a style that, perhaps, stretches thin roots back into that new cerebral consciousness of subjective values which is gradually saturating the fiction of certain writers and also bends to its own use a number of Expressionist weapons) reveals itself as a most consistent journey. The mind of Joyce is far from static; it is dynamic in its intensive explorations. It is like the mind of modern Ireland in certain perceptible attributes, that passionate, mystical, inquiring, fearless mind which has with difficulty partially ridden itself of two monstrous burdens, —the British Empire and the Roman Catholic Church. The instant retort to this assertion, of course, is that Ireland has not ridden herself of the Roman Catholic Church except in certain intellectual instances. But here again the analogy between Joyce and his island is obvious. Joyce stands in relation to the novel as the intellectual minority in Ireland stand to the Roman Catholic Church. He has done with the old superstitions and being done with them a new and extraordinary world has revealed itself. He has established a new form, a form that differs in rela-

tion to the new forms established for Ireland by William Butler Yeats and John M. Synge in that it is more universal. As those two men represent modern Ireland's finest achievements in poetry and drama so does Joyce represent its finest achievement in the novel form. If we set "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Ulysses" beside the Hibernian antics of Charles Lever and Samuel Lover we may well gasp with amazement. No such progress in any art-form has been made in a limited period by any other nation in the world.

I have said that the progress of Joyce has been consistent and in taking up a consideration of his books I think that this will be made plain. Like most great innovators he first perfected himself in established forms and then burst through those forms because his desire for expression ran beyond them. The poems in "Chamber Music," his first book, and the short stories in "Dubliners" are directly in the great tradition of English letters. Joyce showed beyond the peradventure of a doubt that he could assimilate with enormous ease the metrics and mental attitude of a great era in "Chamber Music," and in "Dublin-

ers" he wrought in the sketch-like short-story form so sprinkled through Irish letters, raising it to a higher excellence and bringing to it something peculiarly his own. "Dubliners" is his least personal book; the man himself rarely intrudes. Rather does he set about the deliberate activity of creating a series of Dublin figures, men and women of various minds, with the most astonishing verisimilitude. It is not enough to say that these people actually live. They do more than that. They think; they bring with them an entire milieu. Their naturalism is the surprising triumph of a writing so fine that its simplicity baffles us and we hardly notice or apprehend the art. This book is as free from the smell of the literary craftsman's study-lamp as "Chamber Music" is frankly mannered.

In observing the various books which Joyce has written we shall see that, first of all, he illustrated how easily and definitively he could adopt an absolute style; then he turned to a cold crystal-like naturalism through which we gaze at men and women walking and talking as though we were gazing through an open window; after which, with no blaring of trumpets, he calmly

established a new form in the novel; and, finally, brought that form to the high unusual minutely-personal organism that has made "Ulysses" the most astonishing performance of the twentieth century. That book stands, like a fire-snorting dragon, outside the moss-grown walls of old conservatism and there is no St. George with a sword sharp enough to slay it. It is there,—a monstrosity for the Older Order but a great Phoenix for those readers, mostly writers, who comprehend the true avocation of literature, an avocation concerned not at all with prettiness, entertainment, ethical considerations of a dogmatic order, or chaste reticences. It should be interesting to follow the literary and intellectual roads (as far as they may be intimated by an objective observer out of the personal whirlpool that surrounds them) which Joyce has pursued toward "Ulysses."

2

"Chamber Music," Joyce's solitary volume of verse and an extremely slim one at that, was first published in 1907. Before that date a number of the poems had appeared in *The Saturday Re-*

view and *The Speaker* (London) and in *Dana* (Dublin). A. E. when he first read Joyce's poetry remarked (according to Padraic Colum), "I don't know whether you are a fountain or a cistern." The reason for his remark is patent when one goes through "Chamber Music." They are frankly Elizabethan lyrics, composed in a Herrick-like fashion, and following a long established tradition in the most deliberate manner. As far as these poems are concerned Joyce was a cistern. He held beautifully what he had imbibed but he brought little that was new to it. An occasional turn of thought, a brief flare, an unusual moment or two toward the end of the small volume, is all that we find of Joyce's personality in these verses. If this work reveals anything of moment it is the fact that Joyce possessed musical training and distinct leanings toward lyric expression. Some of these poems fairly cry out for musical settings; one reads them and in the mind's ear a harpsichord is faintly playing the quaint Elizabethan accompaniments. Joyce, it is rumored, took his poetry seriously, speaking of it in an arrogant manner and comparing himself to the Eliza-

bethans. No more indelible proof of his careful refusal to be swallowed up in the vast pool of the Celtic Renascence is needed. Here was a man living in Dublin during the days of the dictatorship of William Butler Yeats and when John M. Synge [1] had just established his new dramatic form who calmly turned to the Elizabethan song-books, to Herrick and Campion for his inspiration. Such an attitude postulated a conscious and dogged refusal to succumb to any nationalistic enthusiasm. It suggested a mental freedom, at any rate, that might not be guessed if we note but the bare fact that Joyce was imitating the Elizabethan song-birds.

Friends of Joyce affirm that during his penniless days as a medical student in Paris he derived a certain solace from repeating these verses of his own to himself as he walked the streets. We can see how this should be so for these poems are very near the heart of music. In spite of the fact that they are deliberate imitations they are compact with an inspired poetic content that can never be doubted. The most careful workman-

[1] Joyce met him in Paris in 1902 and read "Riders to the Sea" in manuscript.

ship went into them; a precise ordering of syllables that is so perfect as to cause the reader to be hardly aware of its existence. The mood of the little book is struck at once with the first poem which may be described as a prelude to the verses which follow.

Strings in the earth and air
    Make music sweet;
Strings by the river where
    The willows meet.

There's music along the river
    For Love wanders there,
Pale flowers on his mantle,
    Dark leaves on his hair.

All softly playing,
    With head to the music bent,
And fingers straying
    Upon an instrument.

To this hushed music (in this particular case as suggestive of Paul Verlaine as it is of the Elizabethans) one enters the book. The usual themes of love and nature meet one, mounting steadily in poetical significance and emotion to the final poems. There is a fine and attentive regard to effect here; the pulses are accelerated to

the emotional beat. Always there is that quaint artificiality which hardly disturbs the reader at all; it seems like a faint dust fallen from old time upon the instrument and at times it adds immeasurably to the poem's charm. For instance, how perfectly the gentle, antiquely-graceful turns heighten the magic of these lines:

> What counsel has the hooded moon
> Put in thy heart, my shyly sweet,
> Of Love in ancient plenilune,
> Glory and stars beneath his feet—
> A sage that is but kith and kin
> With the comedian Capuchin?
>
> Believe me rather that am wise
> In disregard of the divine,
> A glory kindles in those eyes
> Trembles to starlight. Mine, O Mine!
> No more be tears in moon or mist
> For thee, sweet sentimentalist.

This wistful artificiality seems to fade away like a faint smoke in the last two poems in the book. It is as though the musician, who had been playing with head bowed, suddenly lifted his face to the listener, revealed his sad eyes and, for a moment, let his soul peep forth. One need but

compare the verses quoted above with these lines to observe the sudden slipping of mannerisms.

All day I hear the noise of waters
Making moan,
Sad as the sea-bird is, when going
Forth alone,
He hears the winds cry to the waters'
Monotone.

The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing
Where I go.
I hear the noise of many waters
Far below.
All day, all night, I hear them flowing
To and fro.

Here for the first time, it seems to me, a faint Celtic note lifts its mournful music; the nostalgia of the Gael is evident. In the lines

The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing
Where I go,

a cadence that is almost Yeatsian manifests itself. But it is but a brief touch and may be as much national temperament as literary influence. In the last poem in the book we have a decidedly Celtic poem, one that employs a phraseology reminiscent of Irish heroic legendry.

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armor, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

We are reminded for an instant of Yeats's "Hosting of the Sidhe" with "Niamh tossing her burning hair."

I have said that Joyce's personality is rarely evident in the thirty-six short poems which make up "Chamber Music" but if we consider the book as a whole I think we will discover certain manifestations which have always been evident in his compositions. In the first place, one receives the impression of an aristocrat writing. A certain

meticulous finish, a rare and restrained impulse that betrays Joyce as the solitary resident of his own Ivory Tower, a slightly arrogant aloofness, these are the things that suggest the poet as being (at least intellectually) haughtily self-concerned. His school and college days were undoubtedly painful in many ways for he must have possessed a quick pride which manifested itself in a suspicion of his surroundings. We may imagine that there were times when he regarded himself as a young Hamlet in a time "out of joint." A sense of high loneliness oppressed him. He could sing:

> He who hath glory lost, nor hath
> Found any soul to fellow his,
> Among his foes in scorn and wrath
> Holding to ancient nobleness,
> That high unconsortable one—
> His love is his companion.

Because he was a "high unconsortable one" is partially due to his refusal to become part of a movement which must have seemed a herd-instinct to his oft-times ironic perceptions. He refused to be suckled on the imaginative histories of Standish O'Grady, the mournful numbers of

William Butler Yeats, or the pearl-pale visionary mysticism of A. E. Instead of this he turned to Dante, to Aristotle, to St. Thomas Aquinas, to the Elizabethans, and, most important of all, to Ibsen. Indeed, he had written an essay on Ibsen when he was but seventeen years old and it had been printed in the *Fortnightly Review*. In the Norwegian dramatist he discovered a naturalism which yet concealed a grey mysticism and which was to be, together with the writings of Gustave Flaubert, an influence in his later work.

The aristocratic composition of "Chamber Music" suggests another aspect of that book which was to reveal itself time and again in the work which followed it. And this is the precise craftsmanship, the unwearying labor which was never content with the approximate circumscribing of a subject but must go the entire length to the complete capture. It is the method of lonely writers who are engulphed in no cliques and who possess that rare power of absolute concentration which will not be affected by momentary diversions. A complete faith in one's self and an instant comprehension of the smallest subtleties are the necessary attributes of such a

writer. That Joyce possessed these virtues we know now; it was not so evident in the days of "Chamber Music." That he is an extremely slow and careful worker we know; witness the years that went toward the laborious composition of "Ulysses." He is not content with anything but *the* word, with anything but *the* situation. "Chamber Music," now that we look back upon it from the safe perspective of a dozen or more years, is obviously the book of a careful craftsman; and this is a surprising thing in a first book of poems written by a man who had not reached maturity. The young Joyce must have been an eccentric and somewhat tantalizing personage in the literary Dublin of his day. Indeed, it may not be amiss to leave critical comment for the nonce and set down Padraic Colum's description of Joyce in those early days. Mr. Colum writes:

Joyce, when I knew him first, was a student in the old Royal University (since organized as the National University). He was very noticeable among the crowd of students that frequented the National Library or sauntered along the streets between Nelson's Pillar and Stephen's Green. He was tall and slender then, with a Dantesque face and steely blue eyes. His costume as I see him in my mind's eye now included a peaked cap

and tennis shoes more or less white. He used to swing along the street carrying an ashplant in his hand for a cane. (That ashplant is celebrated in "Ulysses"; Stephen Dedalus carries it with him all through the day and frequently addresses it.) Although he had a beautiful voice for singing and repeating poetry, he spoke harshly in conversation, using many of the unprintable words that he has got printed in "Ulysses."

One irresistibly thinks of another great Irishman who, according to statements, was fond of using "unprintable" words—John M. Synge. In both cases we have the arrogant, irascible Celtic temperament more or less cut off from actual companionship.

3

Even the strongest adherent of James Joyce's work can hardly do more with "Chamber Music" than to point out how finished the product is and how cleverly the poet has captured (or rather resuscitated) the inspiration of a past era, an era that glowed luminously with literary glory for England but was filled with political shame and torture for Ireland. As a definitive addition to contemporary Irish letters "Chamber Music" amounts to nothing. The thought contained in

the book is so slight as to be hardly noticeable and all that one does carry away from the gently archaic stanzas is a high sweet aspect of music, a perfect ear for rhythm, and the delicately-kissing fall of soft syllables. The importance of the book (and the reason why it is dwelt upon) lies in its being the premier performance (disregarding pamphlets) of a writer who was to win all his renown in the fictional form.

It was most natural that Joyce first should try his hand at poetry. Most great novelists do and the reason for this seems to lie in the fact that most great novelists are poets at heart working in a vaster cosmos wherein poetry is never very far behind the troubled atmosphere. The imaginations of young men flare into poetry first of all and through that burning medium reach their proper mode of self-expression. If they are poets primarily they reveal themselves in its rhythmic substance during the rest of their days. But if the analytic qualities of the novelist are inborn in them they shift gradually from poetry to the other medium never quite divesting themselves entirely of the divine veils of mystery. The evidences of a strong poetic nature are scattered

throughout the prose of Joyce. If we except "Dubliners" and "Exiles," where it is least apparent, we shall see that large portions of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Ulysses" are simply flooded with poetry, being actually based upon lyric principles. It is not so obvious in "Dubliners" and "Exiles" and yet if we peer closely into these works we shall see that poetry runs like a subterranean river very near the surface and actually manifests itself at times. Part of the reason for this is to be found in Joyce's æsthetic which is revealed with the utmost clarity in the latter half of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and which will be considered when the discussion of that book is taken up. The remainder of the reason is perceptible in Joyce's subconscious reactions to life. He has always been a poet at heart but a strangely individual poet. The things that stir the imaginations of most of the Irish group do not stir him; rather does he view them with suspicion because they do make the Irish group articulate. He is concerned not at all with nationalistic bonds except in so far as he finds them chains which must be broken for the complete emancipation of the

spirit. He must soar above his time and place if he is to assert himself and *be* himself. With prettinesses, with sentimentalities, he will have no traffic. With mental slavishness of any sort he is intensely impatient. When he cruelly indicates the broken mirror of a servant girl as a symbol of Irish art in "Ulysses" he is speaking in the terms of the young Joyce who came to maturity beside and not in the group-manifestations of the Irish Revival. He will view Irish life with a dispassionate truthful eye although he will always be cognizant of the mystery behind life. And because he will view it with the cold eye of the naturalist we have such material resulting as the short stories and sketches in "Dubliners." Behind their naturalism is the unspoken mystery which lies behind life but upon the surface is the unlovely and unrelenting aspects of a Dublin life that has aroused nothing in Joyce but tolerant contempt at the best and icy venom at the worst.

II

1

John Eglinton (W. K. Magee), William Butler Yeats and A. E. brought the prose of the Irish Revival to a significance which was not carried on by any of their disciples. There was no essayist as charming, as fruitful in ideas, as delicately analytical as John Eglinton. No prose-writer expressed himself with the mystical beauty and fervor with which A. E. brooded on life, Ireland's welfare and the gods. No documentarian uncovered the gracious rose-embroidered hem of Irish legendry as did the poet of "The Wanderings of Oisin." Yet even in their hands prose developed into more of a weapon for critical alarums and excursions and cultural propaganda than an æsthetic entity in itself. These men were set down, of course, in an era of building and their white-hot sympathies were

concerned as much with the pale high tower that was being reared on the crumbling ruins of an old literature as they were with self-expression. In a certain sense they were nursing an infant literature and together with it a rapidly mounting nationalism and it was but natural that their endeavors should be exerted along propagandist and educational lines. At the same time two of them (A. E. and Yeats) were primarily creators and this being so they could not but inform even their propaganda with that mysterious essence of creative beauty which lifts their prose to so indestructible a plane. Eglinton was more surely the prose-writer, the essayist, than his two compatriots. A. E. and W. B. Yeats were poets writing prose. All three of them, because of their fiery-hearted ardor for Irish letters, were propagandists and it is to be suspected that if the rebirth and renewal of a national literature were not at stake at least two of them would not have manifested themselves so largely in prose. There can be no doubt but what poetry and drama appealed far more mightily as outlets of expression than any other literary forms. In so far as variety of literary approach was concerned the

Irish Renascence was obviously circumscribed. It was, first of all, an imaginative rebirth and as such it naturally found its most perfect outlet in poetry. Whatever dynamics the movement contained expressed themselves in drama, a drama that was primarily a state of poetry and which grew cognizant of reality and the prose of life only as time went on. The first performance at the Irish Literary Theatre, for instance, was William Butler Yeats's "The Countess Cathleen," a production that was sheer poetry from beginning to end. The second performance was Edward Martyn's "The Heather Field," a drama owing much to the pioneer activities in dramaturgy of Henrik Ibsen. There is a symbolism implicit in this for the success of "The Heather Field" was much greater than that of "The Countess Cathleen." One wonders if it might not be true that the latter half of the Irish Revival more nearly touched Ireland as an intellectual whole than the first half that was lost in the clouds above Slievegullion. The dreamers had brought the dream to Ireland and the peasant-dramatists and realists who followed made the vision a vivid actuality. Anyway, the prose

followed the poetry at a short distance.

The few novels which dotted the movement were shapeless, lacking in harmonious unity, and practically all of them were out of the movement that had been fostered by Yeats, A. E., and their companions. The banal depth to which Irish fiction had fallen—a vulgar, falsely-virile, slap-stick medium that was compact with clownishness and Drury Lane melodramatics—possibly diverted potential fictioneers of the new school into other channels for the time being. "Handy Andy" and the burlesque heroics of Charles Lever were enough to disgust any artist who had begun to co-ordinate his cerebellum with his medulla oblongata. The short stories were better for they *did* capture a certain verisimilitude with the life they pretended to portray. From a false exaggeration of character to an indefinite approximation of reality the Irish sketch-writers steadily forged their way. A kindling sense of nationalistic pride went hand in hand with a deepening comprehension of the subjective values of literary creation to curb their inclinations to clown their own humorous aspects. The vacant laughter of a condescending multitude of

strangers began to mean less to them than the approval of an intelligent minority of their own blood. This new reality was valuable for its poignant glimpses of an essentially-sad humanity, more so than for any sustained action or exhibition of accepted techniques; the rounded plot, perhaps, suggested itself as an artificial scaffolding upon which the young authors had no desires to build. The days of amusement had slid perceptibly into the days of revelation, and, best of all, into interior revelation. It was time to study the heart and the brain and the peculiar instincts that made an Irishman an Irishman. Nothing less than a meticulous observation and a sedulous avoidance of the old sentimentality that had overrun Ireland could make this possible.

It is impossible to discover any definitive predecessors of James Joyce, the fiction-writer, in Ireland. He employed a form that had been employed before but he transformed it into something quite the opposite to the usual Irish sketch. The fifteen compositions in "Dubliners," suggest the work of Anton Tchekov far more than they do anybody else. They are animated by that same effortless naturalism that is yet the

result of the most painstaking deliberation and adjustment, that same un-emphasized astonishing reality that is to be discovered in the best work of the Russian. Yet there are no concrete similarities that would assert a particular reading of Tchekov to be discerned here. Indeed, I do not know whether the Russian had been adequately translated into English at the time of the composition of the stories which make up "Dubliners."

George Moore's volume of short stories, "The Untilled Field," had been published in 1903. His Irish novel, "The Lake," followed in 1905. Shan F. Bullock, the only other Irishman writing fiction at that time who is worthy of any comparison with Joyce, had been publishing with fair regularity since the early 1890s. "The Squireen" appeared in 1903 and "Dan the Dollar" was isssued in 1905. Such writers as Daniel Corkery, Brinsley MacNamara, and Padraic Colum (in fiction) did not appear until much later. "Dubliners" was first issued in 1914 but the stories contained in it had been completed some time prior to that ever-to-be-remembered date.[1] The

[1] Indeed, two of them had appeared in the *Irish Homestead* (Dublin).

volume had been accepted by an Irish publisher after its refusal by Mr. Grant Richards of London, set up and printed, and then the entire edition (excepting a single copy) had been destroyed. London eventually witnessed the birth of this book. The story of the misadventures of "Dubliners" is an interesting one both for the light it throws on Joyce's attitude toward his own work and as an indictment of certain publishing methods that maintained at that time. Part of the history is to be found in a letter to the press which Joyce wrote in 1911 and which is reprinted here as an unusual document.

Via della Barriera Vecchia 32 III.,
Trieste, Austria.

SIR,

May I ask you to publish this letter, which throws some light on the present conditions of authorship in England and Ireland?

Nearly six years ago Mr. Grant Richards, publisher, of London, signed a contract with me for the publication of a book of stories written by me, entitled "Dubliners." Some ten months later he wrote asking me to omit one of the stories and passages in others which, as he said, his printer refused to set up. I declined to do either, and a correspondence began between Mr. Grant Richards and myself which lasted more than three months. I went to an international jurist in Rome (where I lived

then) and was advised to omit. I declined to do so, and the MS. was returned to me, the publisher refusing to publish, notwithstanding his pledged printed word, the contract remaining in my possession.

Six months afterwards a Mr. Hone wrote to me from Marseilles to ask me to submit the MS. to Messrs. Maunsel, publishers, of Dublin. I did so; and after about a year, in July, 1909, Messrs. Maunsel signed a contract with me for the publication of the book on or before 1st September, 1910. In December, 1909, Messrs. Maunsel's manager begged me to alter a passage in one of the stories, "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," wherein some reference was made to Edward VII. I agreed to do so, much against my will, and altered one or two phrases. Messrs. Maunsel continually postponed the date of publication and in the end wrote, asking me to omit the passage or change it radically. I declined to do either, pointing out that Mr. Grant Richards, of London, had raised no objection to the passage when Edward VII. was alive, and that I could not see why an Irish publisher should raise an objection to it when Edward VII. had passed into history. I suggested arbitration or a deletion of the passage with a prefatory note of explanation by me, but Messrs. Maunsel would agree to neither. As Mr. Hone (who had written to me in the first instance) disclaimed all responsibility in the matter and any connection with the firm I took the opinion of a solicitor in Dublin, who advised me to omit the passage, informing me that as I had no domicile in the United Kingdom I could not sue Messrs. Maunsel for breach of contract unless I paid £100 into court, and that even if I paid £100 into court and sued them, I should have no chance of getting a verdict in my favor from a Dublin jury if the passage in dispute could be taken

as offensive in any way to the late King. I wrote then to the present King, George V., enclosing a printed proof of the story, with the passage therein marked, and begging him to inform me whether in his view the passage (certain allusions made by a person of the story in the idiom of his social class) should be withheld from publication as offensive to the memory of his father. His Majesty's private secretary sent me this reply:—

Buckingham Palace.

The private secretary is commanded to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. James Joyce's letter of the 1st instant, and to inform him that it is inconsistent with rule for his Majesty to express his opinion in such cases. The enclosures are returned herewith.

11th August, 1911.

I wrote this book seven years ago and hold two contracts for its publication. I am not even allowed to explain my case in a prefatory note: wherefore, as I cannot see in any quarter a chance that my rights will be protected, I hereby give Messrs. Maunsel publicly permission to publish this story with what changes or deletions they may please to make, and shall hope that what they may publish may resemble that to the writing of which I gave thought and time. Their attitude as an Irish publishing firm may be judged by Irish public opinion. I, as a writer, protest against the systems (legal, social, and ceremonious) which have brought me to this pass.

Thanking you for your courtesy,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES JOYCE.

18th August, 1911.

This letter, so far as Joyce knew, was printed in but two Irish newspapers, *Sinn Fein*, Dublin, and the *Northern Whig*, Belfast. It did not end the discouraging history of the attempted publication of "Dubliners," however, for Joyce waited nine months without receiving news of any kind regarding the fortunes of the book. He then went to Ireland and began further negotiations with Messrs. Maunsel. They had grown still more impossible to deal with for this time they demanded that Joyce omit from his book the entire story, "An Encounter," and passages from "Two Gallants," "The Boarding House," and "A Painful Case." Furthermore he was requested to change everywhere through the book, the names of restaurants, cake-shops, railway stations, public-houses, laundries, bars, and other places of business. For six weeks he argued against these changes, even consulting two solicitors who refused to take up his case although they agreed that the publishing firm had made a breach of contract. He could make no headway in spite of his argument, and in despair at last consented to the deletions and changes on condition that the book be brought out without delay and that the

original text be restored in future editions. Instead of ending complications Messrs. Maunsel then demanded that Joyce pay into their bank £1,000 or to find two sureties of £500 each. This he refused to do and the publisher informed him that Messrs. Maunsel would not publish the book, altered or unaltered, and that he would be sued for the costs of printing if he did not make an offer to cover the loss. Joyce agreed to pay sixty per cent. of the cost of the first edition of 1,000 copies if it were made over to him and he began arrangements with his brother to publish and sell the book in Dublin. Then the printer refused to hand over the copies, decided to forego all claim to the money due him, had the type broken up, and the edition burnt. Joyce left Ireland with one printed copy of the book which he obtained from the publisher. It was not until two years later that Grant Richards finally published "Dubliners" in London.

Could anything have more fortified Joyce in his deliberate alienation from the Irish Revival (then, of course, slowly coming to a halt) than the treatment afforded "Dubliners" by Dubliners? He had bitten too deeply into his towns-

folk; his voice had been too harsh, too unrelenting in its avoidance of unnecessary palliation. Irish life had never before been treated with the frank naturalism which is evident in the sketches that make up "Dubliners," at least, by an Irishman. The book, in its way, was as important as Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World," which had been produced in 1907 to the vast anger of a portion of the Irish public. Ireland was being revealed to Irishmen by Irishmen and some of the truths bit rather deeply.

2

Guy de Maupassant, with a dry venom that was often complete, painstakingly removed practically all of the elements of poetry and idealism from the majority of his short stories, fashioning them into a photographic realism that was as pared down to essentials as the problems of Euclid. Joyce, too, furnishes his readers with a photographic realism in "Dubliners," but, at the same time, they comprehend a richer individuality behind his work. De Maupassant's mind, in its most notorious phases, was a vicious camera and it is difficult to conceive of anything mysterious ex-

isting beyond the power of the lens. We may admire the craftsmanship that has gone into "Boule de Suif" and "Madame Tellier's Establishment," even be diverted by a sort of mordant humor, but behind the meticulous etching we nearly always observe a brittleness of characterization. These personages are astonishing visualizations of humanity but the suspicion persists that they may be smashed like egg-shells if any spiritual exploration is ventured. It is not so much that these people are hollow as the fact that they lack a certain completeness. They are viewed from an angle; the author sees what he wants to see and no more. They are primarily created for an episode and the Gallic sophistication which animates them seems to be a limited sophistication, a wisdom without wings. De Maupassant suffered from a smallness of the soul and this does not necessarily mean that his ethical standards were low. That has nothing to do with it. Perhaps it would be clearer to state that he lacked broadness of comprehension, a comprehension that could concentrate on life all along the line. Because this is so, we can often feel the archaic quality in De Maupassant's work. Even the best

of his tales grow a little dusty with time. In the work of Joyce we feel that there is something more, something undetermined behind these callous, shoddy, unimaginative individualities who exist so bleakly throughout their puerile days. They are the children of a mind that moves on a higher plane of consciousness than the imagination of De Maupassant. A high sensibility, directly the product of religious and philosophical speculation, animates them with undeniable life. Their purpose stretches beyond the complexities of their little imbroglio and, unlike the characterizations of De Maupassant, they go on living in the reader's mind after he has passed the final period of the particular sketch. These Irish individualities are a residue, a dirty lees, left from great days. There are times when these infinitesimal personages lift their faces from the slime wherein they wallow because above them in the air sounds a high strange chord of far music. Often enough, their emotions are the direct result of "an enchantment of the heart," to lift a phrase from "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." It is vaguely experienced, perhaps; it may be but the perverted shadow of itself; but it

is there nevertheless. Because Joyce is a poet at heart, because, more often than not, it is manifest that he is writing from a lacerated sensitiveness the brutality of his treatment is the more emphasized. The keenly sensitized plate of his mind might have registered fairer pictures if his environment and the twisted ardor of his evolution had ordained it so. As it is, his observations of Dublin life are set against a vague undefinable background of aristocratic resolve and the shadow of a disillusioned desire. He has looked into the faces of his own people and, judging from the subtly involved properties of his own mind, found them decidedly wanting.

When a creative intelligence deplores the lack of any attributes strongly and possesses no outlet of sentimentality it is flung back upon a more or less controlled bitterness. It takes a great artist to co-ordinate this spleen so that it shall be resistless in its intimations and soundly realistic. It is so easy to step over the boundary-line with a regardless misanthropy which forearms the reader with the impregnable shield of superior tolerance. Bitterness and the unspoken indictment by exposition must be conveyed through an unanswer-

able logic, a sound series of characterizations which never approach the dubious perversion of a personal conviction, and this is what Joyce does in the short sketches in "Dubliners." The reader is never conscious that Joyce is attempting to cheapen life and humanity as De Maupassant does; on the contrary he experiences the sensation that the Irish author is enraged at the littleness he observes, that his literary expression is the revelation of a spiritual disappointment. There is a higher order of art perceptible here; it is warmer and more informed with life. The brittle element is not present. Because this is so Joyce stands nearer to Tchekov (at least in spirit) than he does to De Maupassant. This kinship with the Russian, however, is one of total effect and not, by any means, particular in resemblances. There is no evidence here that Joyce had actually read the Russian writer's sketches.

The characters in "Dubliners" are the result of microscopic study and they reveal themselves through a multitude of tiny intimate gestures, words, and natural attitudes. Not one of them is a particular observer of life; they are all participants, adventuring without conscious reflection

into their little moments, greedy, sensual, conceited, boastful, typical middle-class minds swarming like lice upon the dark, passionate bosom of the earth. Most of them are cowards of existence, drifting the easier way indicated by their puny passions. It is seldom that any of them pause to ponder about the deeper things; the dying priest in "The Sisters," Gabriel Conroy in "The Dead," and, perhaps, the vaguely-curious Lenehan of "Two Gallants" come the nearest to such an attitude. It is part of the fineness of Joyce's art to indicate without directly postulating upon what low levels these people walk. Joyce might easily have slipped into sentimentalism through his indubitable knowledge of the depths to which these souls had fallen but this he never does. He sets them down at their own estimates thoroughly aware of their inefficiencies and the reader observes them for what they are while noting what they imagine themselves to be. There is a Flaubertian preciseness in this prose. The greater part of it sets down no more than the senses, the eyes and the ears, might observe and yet it is subtly threaded with a keen comprehension of interior mechanisms. Behind the sketches

lies an implicit thesis for, in a last analysis, "Dubliners" is no less than an objective indictment of a portion of civilization.

Three aspects of the careful technique displayed in these stories stand out boldly. They are: (1) the complete absence of romanticism and anything even remotely approaching sentimentality; (2) the unforced and yet relentless precision of development and characterization which impels these fictional personages to walk into our minds as though they were actual beings entering a room; and, (3) the revelation of an attitude to the Irish life about him that is never directly specified (Joyce is never didactic) but which develops through a series of pictures in a dry, ironic, merciless procedure of contemptuous recognition. There is a certain arrogance in this art, it must be admitted. The author always seems to be sitting above his characters and gazing down upon them. For the most part the sketches are composed in an objective manner although in certain of them (especially "The Dead," for instance) the reader will discover vague forewarnings and flashes of that subjective representation of the brooding mind's processes

which was to be so highly individualized in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

The subject-matter of the tales affords a variegated series of pictures of middle-class life in the Irish capitol. Public-houses and drunkenness, religious retreats and musical concerts, dances in private homes and woman-chasing by street-bravoes, incidents small and tawdry in themselves but revealed by the bright clarity of exact word-descriptions and conversations that astonish by their reality, this is the material from which Joyce fashions his sketches. As in "Chamber Music" the material is carefully arranged so that it rises to a distinguished height of emotional significance, a significance that is also prophetic from a literary consideration for the last narrative in the book, "The Dead," tentatively indicates the style which is to be adopted in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." The first three tales present aspects of life seen through the eyes of a child and they become by careful handling keen dissections of an adolescent mind.

Before one has read very far in "Dubliners" it becomes evident that these sketches are no more

complete in themselves than a few hours of life is complete in itself. The mysterious motivation continues after the period has been put to the last paragraph. In other words, there is no rounded plot, no episode that is stated, developed and brought to a climax with its resultant dénouement. The reader is not through with these characters after they have been quietly snatched from their brief moment in the white light of Joyce's exposition. They have walked past the window of his observation and merely turned the corner of time into other streets where we may be sure they are still existing, repeating themselves as small minds do, posturing for the contemptuous chuckles of Destiny. It would be easy enough to call them slices of life. Many of them demonstrate ordinary movements, herd-expressions that are repeated in various places a hundred times over. Casuals of a grub-like existence, we behold them in the commonplace circumstances of their ugly environment. Idle moments at political headquarters where they snuffle at the memory of Parnell, drunken conversations lurching between boastfulness and lecherous inclinations, cheap sentimentalities as frayed as the sleeve of

Time, the brute-male in chase of the woman through night-streets, the drably piteous subservience of weaker natures to more arrogant minds, the small cruelties of weaklings who pass on the cuffs they have received to others weaker than themselves, these things—the unexploited actualities of any metropolis—compose the ruinous heap of life from which Joyce selects the situations which make up his first book of prose. Displaying a rare selectiveness, he fashions his material so that the ensemble becomes a cruel commentary on the more shoddy side of Dublin life. It is quite possible that Joyce leans more to the tawdry aspects of his native environment than to those brighter and more romantic moments which certainly exist, but, even so, this does not invalidate the accuracy of his observations. There are tragic reasons for his obsession with this pitiful spectacle of a middle-class civilization burrowing into mud. The people that he portrays do exist, liars, touts, weaklings, small conceits, cruel cowards, and, most of all, the unabashed demonstrators of a paltry selfishness.

Occasionally he sets down a really tragic moment with the vivid concentration of a wise

artistry and these situations are in evidence often enough to preclude the conviction that Joyce's mind is adjusted to nothing but the mean and disgusting in life. He can rise to fine moments whenever he can find a fine moment. The poet is always in attendance closely behind the realist. It is impossible, for instance, to be unimpressed with the tragic implications of the sketch called "Eveline," in which the reader observes a girl unhappy in her tawdry home-life yet lacking sufficient spirit to tear away from it and depart with the man she loves into the mystery of a new existence. Her uncertainty, the mental torture through which she passes until the final moment when, at the very boat-entrance, her self-will fails her and she is unable to move, to go with him, is set down with the unadorned reticence of the distinguished littérateur. Eveline's lover calls to her in vain. "She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal." Eveline is no more than an individual case and yet, placed in this book amidst so many sad spectacles of humanity, she becomes a type. She is a coward. She does not possess mental liberty. Her environment holds her in a grasp

of iron and she must remain passive in the very face of her greatest desire. Often enough we discover in these sketches personages who are prisoners of their environment, who are locked behind the strong doors of superstition, religious scruples, the trumpery shibboleths of ossified traditions and customs.

How many Irishmen and women, if we are to take Joyce seriously, are as implacably prisoners as Eveline? Their dungeon, more often than not, is the national mind. They cannot break through it. Their economic and æsthetic principles are inextricably intertwined with their religious practices. They are servants of a rigorous code that emphasizes their meannesses. There is no freedom for the mind here and where there is no freedom for the mind there can be no intellectual progress. Instead, there will be an inevitable sinking into the quicksands of cowardice and intolerance. Perhaps it was this conviction that kept Joyce aloof from any participation in the circumscribed Irish literary movement. He suspected the limitations which it would impose upon his mind.

It is in such brief flashes as "Eveline" that

Joyce comes nearest to complete pictures in "Dubliners." At least we can affirm that there is a climax here, an eternal settlement or an eternal abandonment. At the same time, as in the other sketches, an atmosphere has been enveloped, an attitude toward life has been exploited. Indeed, the real purpose of the majority of the sketches in "Dubliners" is not to create a situation so much as to convey an atmosphere to the reader, to throw certain undeniable characterizations against it and cause them to intimate their response to life by their own movements, words, and bearings. The moment is often unimportant as a moment but its implications are infinite; they stretch backward and forward into life. It is as though Joyce snatched up several people from a Dublin street or building and sardonically proffered them for inspection. Sometimes they are seized during really tragic moments, as in "Eveline"; at other times, and this is more often the case, they are merely caught in the midst of their commonplace affairs. Such a procedure on the part of an author postulates an exceptionally microscopic eye, a meticulous obser-

vation that misses nothing essential. Together with this painstaking setting-down of naturalistic facts goes the sound discipline of refraining from participation in any part of the action. Joyce himself, as a reasoner or commentator, is never evident. The reader is hardly conscious of the writer so clear and un-muddied is the stream of revelation that runs unaffectedly beneath the eye. No incident is unduly emphasized to make a climax; indeed, quite often there is no climax. The revelation merely ceases; the figures pass beyond the vista of the open window.

Occasionally a rounded construction is in evidence (i. e., one that possesses the elements of suspense, arousing curiosity, and then satisfying it) but only when it becomes a natural part of the material of the sketch. For instance, "Two Gallants" is such a tale. Here we have the callous depiction of the gross and domineering Corley stalking down a servant-girl while the weaker-willed, leech-like Lenehan observes this oldest chase in the world with a mind vaguely troubled. There is a climax here; Corley boasts that he will get a coin from the woman; and

when he opens his hand to show it the brutal picture is completed. So, too, in "A Little Cloud" and "Counterparts" the elements of contrast are employed to secure the effects. Diverse types are set off one against the other. In "A Little Cloud" the boastful newspaperman returns from London to his native Dublin, where, in a pub, he fires the imagination of Little Chandler with the most obvious boasting. It is something for Little Chandler to brood about. After he returns home from the meeting with his condescending friend Joyce gives a vivid picture of him that describes the whole man's life, past, present, and future, in a few paragraphs.

. . . He found something mean in the pretty furniture which he had bought for his house on the hire system. Annie had chosen it herself and it reminded him of her. It was too prim and pretty. A dull resentment against his life awoke within him. Could he not escape from his little house? Was it too late for him to try to live bravely like Gallaher? Could he go to London? There was the furniture still to be paid for. If he could only write a book and get it published, that might open the way for him.

A volume of Byron's poems lay before him on the table. He opened it cautiously with his left hand lest he should waken the child and began to read the first poem in the book:

"Hushed are the winds and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a Zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return to view my Margaret's tomb
And scatter flowers on the dust I love."

He paused. He felt the rhythm of the verse about him in the room. How melancholy it was. Could he, too, write like that, express the melancholy of his soul in verse? There were so many things he wanted to describe: his sensation of a few hours before on Grattan Bridge, for example. If he could get back again into that mood. . . .

The child awoke and began to cry. He turned from the page and tried to hush it: but it would not be hushed. He began to rock it to and fro in his arms but its wailing cry grew keener. He rocked it faster while his eyes began to read the second stanza:

"Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay where once . . .

It was useless. He couldn't read. He couldn't do anything. The wailing of the child pierced the drum of his ear. It was useless, useless! He was a prisoner for life. His arms trembled with anger and suddenly bending to the child's face he shouted:

"Stop!"

And in "Counterparts" we have a sketch that is almost mathematical in its balancing of incidents. Farrington, the hard-drinking, cowardly, lazy clerk, is roundly reprimanded for delinquen-

cies at the office where he works, an humiliation that arouses more vindictiveness than shame. Therefore it is most natural to discover this mean-spirited type out of office hours boasting in pubs of how he settled the boss with a single glittering phrase, and, going home, meting out the same petty tyranny to his family as had been his own portion at the office. Still another tale of rounded structure, which by the way, employs a theme that would be merely commonplace in the hands of a lesser artist, is "The Boarding House." This is a story of the deliberate entanglement of a young man, a boarder, into marriage by the scheming mother, owner of the boarding house, and her acquiescent daughter.

So far it would appear that Joyce is concerned only with what is small, shifty and frowzy in Dublin life and, for the most part, this is true although there are moments when he rises to an implied beauty. For instance, there is "Clay," which is no more than a single day out of the life of the gentle Maria, a servant of mankind in both body and soul. In "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" we find the vivid depiction of the small-talk of a group of political hangers-on,

vote-canvassers, set against the lofty background of the memory of Parnell. There is a certain poignancy in "A Painful Case" wherein we have a man fearful to take love when it is before him. And in "The Dead," the last story in the book and by far the longest, there is the intimate juxtaposition of a commonplace, clever young man's mind and a romance which culminated in death. In this tale the author handles three elements. There is the yearly dance of the Misses Morkan, the complete revelation of Gabriel Conroy, and the buried passion of Mrs. Conroy's life. The reality with which the home of the Misses Morkan is revealed, the conversation of the guests, the reality of their characterizations, and the general sense of actuality is untouched by any other story in the book. And Gabriel, the average young middle-class Irishman, neat at writing and delivering an after-dinner speech, walking the safe road always and so disinclined toward strong emotions or passions, essentially sentimental, stirred by music and beauty, is the most complete portrait in the book. Gabriel's wife is not so fully portrayed; most of the time the reader views her through Gabriel's

eyes. We know her most intimately through a single scene when, late at night after the dance, she tells Gabriel of her first lover, Michael Furey, who died of a broken heart for her. Sexual passion—awakened by the realization of his wife's beauty during the dance—is chilled in Gabriel by this confession and he lies silently by her. "One by one, they were all becoming shades." The story ends:

Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman, but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of the young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself, which these dead had one time reared and lived in, was dissolving and dwindling.

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and,

farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

A deeper note informs this story than any of the others in "Dubliners." The deliberate objectivity which renders the other sketches so cold and photographic is broken down and the reader begins to view these characters from the inside. Joyce has at last set foot on that hidden subconscious territory which he was to develop so finely and inevitably in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Ulysses." It is but a tentative step, however, and no one reading "Dubliners" when it first appeared could guess what direction the author was to travel. The autobiographical obsession is manifested neither in "Chamber Music" nor in "Dubliners." In the one book we have the imitator and in the other we have the recorder. Both of these modes were to play their parts later in "Ulysses." The recorder

is there with startling clarity and the imitator of literary styles is present in conscious parodies of a dozen methods of composition.

In gazing back at "Dubliners" from "Ulysses" it becomes evident that even in his early days Joyce was concerned with certain manifestations of life. Indeed, all of them are intimated in the first three sketches in "Dubliners." Four mysteries are flung against the child-mind in "The Sisters," "An Encounter" and "Araby," and they are religion, death, sex-passion, and love. Each one is a vague terrible phantom witnessed from a distance, not comprehended acutely except, perhaps, in the case of love. These three pieces form a fitting prologue to the development of these themes in all the work of Joyce which follows them. Death, love, sex and religion are the four dark gigantic Jinns that tower over him. And the greatest of these are religion (the Roman Catholic Church) and sex, two insuperable obstacles that block the highways of the mind.

3

If "Chamber Music" brought nothing new into Irish letters except the advent of a finished crafts-

man whose most unusual quality was his careful abnegation of all the impulses that made the Celtic Renascence what it was, "Dubliners," on the other hand, did produce an unexpected note in the medley of native literary expression. Yet in spite of its unexpected quality it was a consistent enough development. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World" had already astounded and enraged that body of Irishmen who regarded the Gaelic nature with romantic veneration and exploited it in sentimental drool. According to this type of mind there were no bad Irishmen except informers; the only bad people were Englishmen. It is unnecessary to ridicule this point of view for its validity is in direct ratio to one's blood-ties and mental approach. For years, for seven hundred years, in fact, it had been the general rule to regard the Irish people as a nation of persecuted saints, of long-sufferers in whose sacred house the iron foot of the armed stranger was dominant. Young Rory courted Kathleen in the original land of all the virtues and his inexhaustible humor was but a brave shield for his brooding sorrow. It was customary to regard the Irishman as a romantic, a struggler

for lost causes, "on every battlefield our dead, etc." Now in a measure (in a large measure) there was a good reason for this idealization. No one can deny Ireland her farflung dead. The legend of "Kelly and Burke and Shea" has been proven time and again. But such an heroic legend could not but persistently remove the Irishman from the hard actualities of existence and place him in a colored land of romance. He became like a profile on a medal; only one side of him was apparent. It was, of course, ridiculous to suppose that there was not another side for the Irishman is as human as any other person. Indeed, there were times when he seemed all too human, a creature of spontaneous instinct. He possesses his small conceits, his arrogances, his superstitious veneration of absurd and selfish aspects of life. His intolerances are as sharply defined as the intolerances of other people. It was this human side of him that was obscured by his native writers of romance. They never turned the medal. This was well enough in its way for it did impress upon the world at large the nationalistic unity of the Irish people, their implacable and reasonable desire to be themselves

alone and their heroic willingness to perish for an ideal that meant far more than the individual.

On the other hand this romanticization of the Irishman has, so far as the rest of the world is concerned, worked the nation an unintended wrong. It has obscured a distinguished cerebralization which manifests itself in more than a sharp wit. It is possibly because the Irishman has been so colored by romance, that we have grown to accept him as a creature of emotions, that James Joyce, at a first cursory glance, appears to be so un-Irish in his approach toward his work. Yet a little consideration will show him to be essentially Irish, the possible product of no other country. While the Irish were a dominated people it was, perhaps, but natural to regard them from a romantic sentimental point of view. But now the pendulum is swinging the other way. Passing from the romantico-sentimental stages the Irish mind will assert itself as a cerebral force, a force strengthened by the innate mysticism that is the heritage of its spiritual development. Joyce is Ireland's first great cerebral writer. Being the first, it is but natural that he should be misunderstood by a people still lingering in an

old heroic tradition. Of course, the grey, drab realism of "Dubliners" enraged the Irish readers of that volume. "It isn't a bit like Dublin," was the probable exclamation. Well, it is like Dublin just as it is like any other great city of the world where all the classes meet and clash. It doesn't matter where the scene is laid for such sketches as are contained in "Dubliners" have a universal application. The prototypes of these frowzy Irish personages may be found in New York or London or Paris varied only according to minor national characteristics. And because this is so we have, almost for the first time in Irish literary history, a native writer who can view his own people with the sharp detachment from emotional ties and the deliberate dissection that is the backbone of great realism. Joyce is the first Irish realist and this statement is made with all due comprehension of the existence of Mr. George Moore. "Dubliners" is the first volume in which Irish realism reaches a perceptible plane of excellence.

Yet we must be careful about this realism and not depend too implicitly upon the atmosphere which it brings before us. I would not undertake

to assert that it was absolute for it is a manifest fact that Joyce has confined himself in "Dubliners" to a series of episodes selected for their consanguinity of mood. If the selection of incidents was not conscious it was the result of a sharply defined observation that was essentially centralized. Each sketch taken by itself may be a strict bit of realism but the group considered as a totality may give a wrong impression (or more strictly speaking, a misleading impression) of middle-class life in Dublin. In fact, there is a danger in venturing too far into realism that is fairly akin to venturing too far into romanticism. But we may confidently arrive at the conviction that taken one by one the sketches in "Dubliners" are vital and sincere creations, exceptional approximations of real slices of Irish life and that with their publication Joyce demonstrated the potentialities of a new mode in Irish fiction.

III

1

With "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" Joyce became quite definitely himself. He was one of many in "Dubliners," albeit he stood head and shoulders, above most of his contemporaries in the creation of the realistic sketch, but in his first novel he became something quite dissimilar to either the novelists of his day or those who had passed before. "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is more than a distinguished novel or a surprising revelation of nascent powers; it is no less than the introduction of a new form, a new modus operandi for revealing life. The progress of the novel throughout the years since Samuel Richardson and Henry Fielding led surely to this genre. The spirit was in the air and more than Joyce became explorers seeking to understand it. At first the English-written novel was a matter of loose episodes, dis-

cursiveness, essentially didactic in its tendencies. There were times when the novelists became to all purposes the essayists. This loose, all-embracing, easily attained form maintained for a long period of time. George Eliot, Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray (excepting perhaps the astonishingly tight-constructed "Henry Esmond"), and certainly such lesser figures as Reade, Bulwer Lytton, and their kindred, regarded it as the natural end of technique. When a more disciplined form did make itself evident it came from across the Channel; it was best exploited and perfected by the brothers Goncourt and Gustave Flaubert. This form, tighter, visualizing life sharply through unexaggerated photography, has remained, except for minor changes, the technical expression of all the great novelists that followed the Victorians. It reached its apotheosis, I believe, in the best work of Henry James, "The Ambassadors," for instance.

At its heels barked a sort of mongrel cur of literature, a cross between fiction and documentary propaganda, which is best represented by the later work of H. G. Wells. But this is a transient form depending wholly upon the sociologi-

cal, economic, and, infrequently, æsthetic propaganda of the day. It possesses no permanent value. It was from the Flaubertian form of fiction that the authentic artists stepped off in search of new methods and these new methods, (no more, perhaps, than the experiments of our day,) reveal themselves in the work of James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Dorothy Richardson, Jules Romains, and, on a lesser level, in such efforts as those perpetrated by Waldo Frank (vide "City Block" and "Rahab") and Evelyn Scott (vide "The Narrow House") and, perhaps, Sherwood Anderson as he appears in "Many Marriages." It is not enough to postulate that all these writers are attempting to turn the mind of humanity inside out, to shout "Freud" at these undoubtedly sincere workers. At their greatest, they must attempt the almost impossible task of co-ordinating the subconscious, of noting the reactions of the essential mind to the entire cosmos.

It is easy enough to draw the parallel between the old form and the new but not so easy to define the difference between, for instance, Dorothy Richardson and Marcel Proust after the simple notation of the superficial variances of style and

nature. That, however, will be intimated in the chapter concerned with "Ulysses," for it is more pertinent there. But with "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" we are concerned with the old (James and Flaubert) and the new. Popular psychology divides human nature into a number of forms, self-will, emotion, passion, intellect or cerebration. All of these divisions partake of one another. The intellect is colored by the emotions and self-will is promoted by subconscious passion. But for laboratory reasons they may be treated as individual properties of the mind. The early novelists were not particularly concerned with more than emotion, self-will and passion. And even these qualities were handled with fumbling fingers. The characters were subdued to the exigencies of the plot. The reader viewed these created figures as though they were cut out of pasteboard. It was rarely that anything existed behind them. And yet they were real enough in a way. They existed. They possessed human attributes. They were as near to life as the psychology of their day permitted them to be. Their perversions were mainly the fault of strained situations, caricature, sentimentality, the

rigid application of ethical concepts. So much of life was given and no more of it. What did appear was well enough (it is a futile and unnecessary task to laugh away the characterizations of Thackeray and Dickens) but what vast demesnes of the human mind were left unexplored! What terrible silences ensued on certain aspects of life! There was a distinct line marking off fiction from actual life. This line had been occasionally crossed. Daniel De Foe (perhaps, the first realist) crossed it. Henri Beyle crossed it. And with the arrival of Gustave Flaubert and Edmond and Jules de Goncourt an entire movement in letters swept across it. In English letters it flowered greatly in the work of Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. The American entry was the solitary figure of Henry James. But even in the work of these men there were obvious deficiencies. A certain honesty, a certain impartiality (admittedly almost a god-like trait) was yet to be attained. The impersonal naturalism of "Madame Bovary" was well enough, an enormous step in the right direction, but the subsequent realism of Emile Zola was twisted to a definitive purpose which made it one-sided. As Holbrook

Jackson has pointed out there was no essential difference between the Rougon-Macquart series and Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." Both preached the triumph of virtue, coming from opposite attitudes. An incurable Romanticism animated the realists. The new movement in fiction, which naturally flowered out of the impersonality of Flaubert and the cerebration and thought-splitting of Henry James, was to be an impartial recording of the sub-conscious mind, an honesty that was devastating in its relentless prodding and refusal to dart off down any of the tempting by-ways that beckoned so implacably on all sides. The dates appended to "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" are "Dublin, 1904—Trieste, 1914" and there is no reason not to believe that Joyce had reached this new movement through his own deduction and cerebration before any other Irishman or Englishman had consciously formulated it. He himself declares: "I began this novel in notes before I left Ireland and finished it in Trieste in 1914. Before I left I offered an introduction chapter to Mr. Magee [John Eglinton] and Mr. Ryan, editor of *Dana*. It was rejected." The original publication of

the novel was in the pages of *The Egoist*, London, where it was serialized from February, 1914, to September, 1915, an appearance wholly due to the kindly offices of Ezra Pound.

Joyce was well to the fore in breaking away from the established style. Because this first novel is so unmistakably a departure from an existing tradition that had given evidence of superb achievement and was therefore not particularly frayed, we must regard "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" as more important from a pioneer point of view than even "Ulysses." It established a position from which progress to "Ulysses" was a consistent enough development. Possibly few people imagined that Joyce would carry the theory which he had unmistakably enunciated in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" to such a perilous length. Possibly he could have gone on writing subjective novels which departed no more than this first effort from the tentative application of a wholly new technique in fiction but this was hardly to be expected. He was too arrogant an individualist to repeat his successes. He possessed too unresting an intellect not to carry his own theories to their ultimate goal.

And because this was so it is a dubious matter to bracket him with contemporary writers. As he defiantly stood outside of his own Irish Renascence so did he stand outside of the broad stream of European culture. We can hardly imagine him seriously weighing the opinions of others. Indeed, it is quite possible that he regards himself as a literary *Übermensch*. He deliberately passes beyond good and evil.

"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," of course, is autobiography. Indeed, the progress of Joyce's mind since "Dubliners" has been almost wholly autobiographical. Most of the time he is concerned with himself and his reactions to environment. The emphasis is upon spiritual environment. With this for his subject-matter Joyce set out with his new technique and delivered himself of a novel that is mainly subjective but which is starred with the most distinguished objective pictures. The story is one of the boyhood and youth of Stephen Dedalus, an Irishman brought up and educated by Jesuits. Stephen is sensitive, brooding, delicately cerebrated. Upon the clear slate of his consciousness his environment draws dark and forbidding lines. His boy-

hood is unusual insomuch as it is an unending stream of personal reactions to even the lightest touches of the existence into which he has been flung. The unique qualities of the novel are to be found in the revelation of the youth's unspoken thoughts, the setting down of the sometimes unconscious stream with a cold candor and deliberate frankness that was not to be found in the fiction of its day. There is a Rousseau-like self-flagellation in some of this material. We cannot doubt that. Joyce is turning himself inside out, spilling forth all the jangled moods that lie deep in the artistic consciousness. The sensibilities of Stephen Dedalus are evidenced in such magnificent chapters as the religious retreat where the horrors of Hell are pictured by a priest and before whom the boy grovels in the intense fanatic-grip of his faith, in the long talk with Lynch in which Stephen outlines his æsthetic theories, and in the last beautiful chapters where Stephen, now almost a man, passes through the white, torturing fire of his love-affair simultaneously with the realization that he has lost his faith.

In essence the book describes a formal, tawdry

environment crushing a spirit that was born to be free, a spirit that will fight back and follow the flame which it sees dancing before it. Stephen knows that he is being crushed by a physical and intellectual leanness, that the props beneath him are rotten. As we witness the Dedalus family disintegrating throughout the pages of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" we observe, at the same time, the result of this gradual sinking in the muck on the sensitive mind of the young man. What progress can there be in a life like this for him? The gradual knowledge comes to him that he must leave it, that he must exile himself from it and long before those final pages when eventually he does prepare to leave Ireland it is quite perceptible that Stephen is an exile. A lonely figure amongst his friends and surroundings, it is permitted him to view them as strangers. They are outside his life but not until he has tried the prop of his religion and found it a thing that buckles beneath him. We must never lose touch with this thread of religion in Joyce's work for it is everywhere evident. The Roman Catholic tenets that formed the child's mind, that frightened the child's body into shaking fits of vomit-

ing, have so permeated the mentality of the man that it is at the back of practically every thought and action. There are times when Joyce writes impartially but we feel that behind these impartial sentences there is a far from impartial man. In order to write so he must lift the scourge to his own back. Roman Catholicism is in his bones, in the beat of his blood, in the folds of his brain and he cannot rest until it is either removed or clarified. It is his misfortune that it may never be removed. It will pervert his nature (it does so in "Ulysses") but it is there, twisted out of all resemblance to itself even in the frankest passages. The vivid, highly-functioning mind of the Stephen Dedalus of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is the mind of a Mediæval Catholic. If the same mind had been twisted to the other side of the line it would have been the intense visioning of a religiast.

This careful subconscious delineation of the mind that is so vast a part of Joyce's first novel is occasionally cut into by the most careful realism. Ezra Pound wrote, when the book was first published, "James Joyce produces the nearest thing to Flaubertian prose that we have now

in England." He was perfectly correct. When Joyce is describing a scene he sets it down with a cold precision that leaves nothing unsaid and not a thing over-emphasized. Here there is evident that same pellucid technique which has been pointed out as being the chief virtue of the sketches in "Dubliners." Indeed, such a scene as that of Stephen Dedalus' Christmas at home and the subsequent quarrel over Parnell, could easily be extracted from the book and set apart as a sketch which would fit into "Dubliners." Yet imbedded in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," as it is, it does not seem distorted in its frame-work. It is an integral part of that book, an objective exposition of the environment in which Stephen Dedalus must come to maturity. Dante, the fanatic Irish Catholic type that snarled like vicious dogs at the fallen Parnell, Simon Dedalus, the Parnellite, coarse of tongue, blustering, vulgarly witty, in these two types we see Ireland in miniature, the Ireland of small city houses and towns and country-side.

. . . Mr. Dedalus rooted with the carvers at the end of the dish and said:

—There's a tasty bit here we call the pope's nose. If any lady or gentleman . . .

He held a piece of fowl up on the prong of the carving fork. Nobody spoke. He put it on his own plate, saying:

—Well, you can't say but you were asked. I think I had better eat it myself because I'm not well in my health lately.

He winked at Stephen and, replacing the dish-cover, began to eat again.

There was a silence while he ate. Then he said:

—Well now, the day kept up fine after all. There were plenty of strangers down too.

Nobody spoke. He said again:

—I think there were more strangers down than last Christmas.

He looked round at the others whose faces were bent toward their plates and, receiving no reply, waited for a moment and said bitterly:

—Well, my Christmas dinner has been spoiled anyhow.

—There could be neither luck nor grace, Dante said, in a house where there is no respect for the pastors of the church.

Mr. Dedalus threw his knife and fork noisily on his plate.

—Respect! he said. Is it for Billy with the lip or for the tub of guts up in Armagh? Respect!

—Princes of the church, said Mr. Casey with slow scorn.

—Lord Leitrim's coachman, yes, said Mr. Dedalus.

—They are the Lord's anointed, Dante said. They are an honor to their country.

—Tub of guts, said Mr. Dedalus coarsely. He has a handsome face, mind you, in repose. You should see

that fellow lapping up his bacon and cabbage of a cold winter's day. O Johnny!

He twisted his features into a grimace of heavy bestiality and made a lapping noise with his lips.

—Really, Simon, you should not speak that way before Stephen. It's not right.

—O, he'll remember all this when he grows up, said Dante hotly—the language he heard against God and religion and priests in his own home.

—Let him remember, too, cried Mr. Casey to her from across the table, the language with which the priests and the priests' pawns broke Parnell's heart and hounded him into his grave. Let him remember that too when he grows up.

—Sons of bitches! cried Mr. Dedalus. When he was down they turned on him to betray him and rend him like rats in a sewer. Lowlived dogs! By Christ, they look it!

—They behaved rightly, cried Dante. They obeyed their bishops and their priests. Honor to them!

This passage serves both for an example of Joyce's tightly-wrought, cleanly-cut realistic style and for an aspect of that life through which the young Stephen Dedalus passes on his painful journey to maturity. On all sides he is met by intolerance, vulgar ignorance, superstition, and uncleanness. Directly following this scene, for instance, is a scandal in the school swirling with furtive gossip. The old sin of Sodom and Gomorrah

is brought abruptly into the youth's startled consciousness. So from episode to episode we follow the career of Stephen, his gradual apprehension of the tawdriness and hypocrisy of his environment confirming in his artistic consciousness the lonely arrogance of his nature. The only escape from this state of affairs is flight.

He begins to doubt the very thing which has sharpened and made acute in him the power to doubt. In other words his religious training has super-refined his capacities of spiritual observation and religious analysis so that he may behold how far apart the theory and the actuality stand. "It is a curious thing, do you know," remarks Cranley in that last conversation in the book, "how your mind is supersaturated with the religion in which you say you disbelieve." Now the entire progress of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is a consistent exposition of Cranley's statement. As a boy at school Stephen did believe, believe madly in his religion, but it was an emotional faith engendered by direct appeals to the senses. With his immersion in scholastic philosophy and the clarifying of his brain-powers for meticulous reasoning he practically destroys

the Stephen that once existed by a cold albeit somewhat forced logic. It is Stephen's tragedy to destroy that image of himself which all his senses cry out to be. In its place rises the bitter figure which cries, "I will not serve that in which I no longer believe,whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church; and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use, silence, exile and cunning." But before that moment is reached we witness this youth bearing the ambitious name of the old Greek artificer (surely a symbolic touch) pass through that dark valley in which the juvenile scaffoldings of one's life crash down before the cold wind of reason.

Mention has already been made of the description of the religious retreat where, for the first time, an incoherent terror flings Stephen into the most grovelling submission to his faith. As we read those paragraphs wherein the priest's sermon is set down verbatim (a terrific picturing of the horrors of damnation outlined with mediæval exactitude) it is easy to understand the effect on the sensitive artistic consciousness of Stephen

Dedalus. With cold damp hands and aching limbs the boy creeps away to his room, there to fall upon his knees and pray while all his childish sins scream malevolently in his ears. His enflamed mind summons up a veritable picture of the hell which God has set aside for him.

A field of stiff weeds and thistles and tufted nettle-bunches. Thick among the tufts of rank stiff growth lay battered canisters and clots and coils of solid excrement. A faint marsh light struggling upwards from all the ordure through the bristling grey green weeds. An evil smell, faint and foul as the light, curled upwards sluggishly out of the canisters and from the stale crushed dung.

Creatures were in the field; one, three, six: creatures were moving in the field, hither and thither. Goatish creatures with human faces, horny browed, lightly bearded and grey as indiarubber. The malice of evil glittered in their hard eyes, as they moved hither and thither, trailing their long tails behind them. A rictus of cruel malignity lit up greyly their old bony faces. One was clasping about his ribs a torn flannel waistcoat, another complained monotonously as his beard stuck in the tufted weeds. Soft language issued from their spittleless lips as they swished in slow circles round and round the field, winding hither and thither through the weeds, dragging their long tails amid the rattling canisters. They moved in slow circles, circling closer and closer to enclose, to enclose, soft language issuing from their lips, their long swishing tails besmeared with

stale shite, thrusting upwards their terrible faces . . .

Help!

He flung the blankets from him madly to free his face and neck. That was his hell. God had allowed him to see the hell reserved for his sins; stinking, bestial, malignant, a hell of lecherous goatish fiends. For him! For him!

He sprang from the bed, the reeking odor pouring down his throat, clogging and revolting his entrails. Air! The air of heaven! He stumbled towards the window, groaning and almost fainting with sickness. At the washstand a convulsion seized him within; and, clasping his cold forehead wildly, he vomited profusely in agony.

There is no rest for him from this minute until he has made his confession, cleansing his breast of his sins of impurity. Then, for a time, he walks in an emotional state of beatitude, even considering a possible vocation as a Jesuit priest. All of this, it becomes quite clear to the reader, is sheer emotionalism, the direct product of a vividly self-centred imagination. It sounds hollow. An edifice is being reared upon foundations of fog. With the advent of the mind, one feels, it is bound to crash down. But the change comes by a sudden revelation even before his mind has avidly seized upon the development of his days. His comrades, naked in the water,

swimming, call to him: "Stephanos Dedalos! Bous Stephanoumenos! Bous Stephaneforos!" To the music of Greek syllables he hears the noise of waves and sees a winged form climbing the windy air.

. . . What did it mean? Was it a quaint device opening a page of some mediæval book of prophecies and symbols, a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being?

Here is the moment where the book changes, where Stephen leaves his childhood behind him and takes on the status of a man. This is the call of life to him and "not the inhuman voice that had called him to the pale service of the altar." All that has passed, those earlier chapters wherein we witness his emotional development from a small child to a youth dominated by Jesuit priests, are the cerements shaken from a dead body. The fear through which he had walked, the emotional shame that had abased him and made him the lowest of the low, the quivering

sensitiveness that had been so terribly lacerated, these things were the thin linen bands of the grave. "His soul had arisen from the grave of boyhood. . ." It is a pagan spirit that cries now, an incarnation of that old Greek artificer, Dedalos, who would fly to the sun. From the moment of that inspired ecstasy by the sea Stephen walks into his intellectual kingdom. And it is in these last chapters that "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" becomes the vivid depiction of a mind at war with its environment.

Emotion still has its place but it is a secondary place; the mind has superseded the heart. The existence of Stephen at the University becomes the last step in his intellectual progress before he betakes himself into that exile which at first lingers remotely before him and steadily becomes more manifest as the days pass. It is always necessary to bear in mind the actual environment which closes Stephen in on all sides if we are to properly appreciate the vivid contrast in the book. With subtle art Joyce alternates subjective beauty and external squalor. Witness Stephen starting forth in the morning:

He drained his third cup of watery tea to the dregs and set to chewing the crusts of fried bread that were scattered near him, staring into the dark pool of the jar. The yellow dripping had been scooped out like a boghole, and the pool under it brought back to his memory the dark turfcolored water of the bath in Clongowes. The box of pawn tickets at his elbow had just been rifled and he took up idly one after another in his greasy fingers the blue and white dockets, scrawled and sanded and creased and bearing the name of the pledger as Daly or MacEvoy.

. . . . . .

The lane behind the terrace was waterlogged and as he went down it slowly, choosing his steps amid heaps of wet rubbish, he heard a mad nun screeching in the nun's madhouse beyond the wall.

—Jesus! O Jesus! Jesus!

It is through such unloveliness that he must bear his pride, voices offending and humiliating him. His spiritual retreat is to a world of books. The rain-laden trees evoke memories of the girls and women in the plays of Gerhart Hauptmann; at the sloblands of Fairview he thinks of "the cloistral silver-veined prose of Newman," in North Strand Road he smiles as he recalls the "dark humor of Guido Cavalcanti"; by Baird's stone works the spirit of Ibsen blows through him like a keen wind. Most of all to three sources he always returns for the indefinable essence of

beauty—to Aristotle, to Aquinas, and to the Elizabethan song-writers. He flings his soul like Dedalos into the high ether of ancient greatness and slowly he begins to formulate an æsthetic creed, a crystallization of the end of literature. Indeed, as the first part of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" becomes a conscious outline of the progress of a soul toward maturity and emancipation so does the second part shape itself into the exposition of the artistic consciousness reaching out to an æsthetic principle. Intertwined with this, of course, is the dark thread of religion for this has been too deeply implanted in Stephen's nature ever to be eradicated. It is there and will be there as long as Stephen is a sentient being. Indeed, it is doubtful if he would have existed if it had not been for this complete immersion in an emotional theology. Coincident with this mental growth goes the development of his love-affair, the lonely, morbid, self-analytical passion which we would naturally expect to find in one who can take the nearest and dearest things and observe them with a curious detachment. The contemplation pains him and yet he hardens his nature to it and will not put it aside.

The reader never beholds the source of Stephen's icy passion except through the young man's eyes and necessarily she becomes but a pale reflection of a woman, a nebulous substance beyond the pale of action who becomes no more than the unknown inception for a certain thread of development in Stephen's nature.

The outline of Stephen Dedalus' æsthetic is to be found in that astonishing conversation between him and the student Lynch, a conversation, declares Padraic Colum, which is word for word what Joyce used to say to many of his companions in his early twenties. This being so, it is important to note it for it throws a certain light upon "Ulysses." Before any comment is indulged in it may be wise to set down several selections from this remarkable talk, those portions which would seem to contain the core of the discourse.

After a pause Stephen began:

—Aristotle has not defined pity and terror. I have. I say . . .—

Lynch halted and said bluntly:

—Stop! I won't listen. I am sick. I was out last night on a yellow drunk with Horan and Groggins.—

Stephen went on:

—Pity is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatsoever is grave and constant in human sufferings and unites it with the human sufferer. Terror is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatsoever is grave and constant in human sufferings and unites it with the secret cause.—

—Repeat—said Lynch.

Stephen repeated the definitions slowly.

—A girl got into a hansom a few days ago—he went on—in London. She was on her way to meet her mother whom she had not seen for many years. At the corner of a street the shaft of a lorry shivered the window of the hansom in the shape of a star. A long fine needle of the shivered glass pierced her heart. She died on the instant. The reporter called it a tragic death. It is not. It is remote from terror and pity according to the terms of my definitions.

—The tragic emotion, in fact, is a face looking two ways, towards terror and towards pity, both of which are phases of it. You see I use the word *arrest*. I mean that the tragic emotion is static. Or rather the dramatic emotion is. The feelings excited by improper art are kinetic, desire or loathing. Desire urges us to possess, to go to something; loathing urges us to abandon, to go from something. The arts which excite them, pornographical or didactic, are therefore improper arts. The esthetic emotion (I use the general term) is therefore static. The mind is arrested and raised above desire and loathing.—

. . . . . .

—. . . Beauty (goes on Stephen farther along in the conversation) expressed by the artist cannot awaken in us an emotion which is kinetic or a sensation which is

purely physical. It awakens, or ought to awaken, or induces, or ought to induce, an esthetic stasis, an ideal pity or an ideal terror, a stasis called forth, prolonged and at last dissolved by what I call the rhythm of beauty.—

—What is that exactly?—asked Lynch.

—Rhythm—said Stephen—is the first formal esthetic relation of part to part in any esthetic whole or of an esthetic whole to its part or parts or of any part to the esthetic whole of which it is a part.—

After an interruption because of a meeting with a student named Donovan, Stephen goes on with his disquisition, naturally turning to Aquinas for a means of exposition.

—To finish what I was saying about beauty—said Stephen—the most satisfying relations of the sensible must therefore correspond to the necessary phases of artistic apprehension. Find these and you find the qualities of universal beauty. Aquinas says: *Ad pulcritudinem tria requiruntur integritas consonantia, claritas.* I translate it so: *Three things are needed for beauty, wholeness, harmony and radiance.* Do these correspond to the phases of apprehension? Are you following?—

—Of course I am—said Lynch—If you think I have an excrementitious intelligence run after Donovan and ask him to listen to you.—

Stephen pointed to a basket which a butcher's boy had slung inverted on his head.

—Look at that basket—he said.

—I see it—said Lynch.

—In order to see that basket—said Stephen—your mind first of all separates the basket from the rest of the visible universe which is not the basket. The first phase of apprehension is a bounding line drawn about the object to be apprehended. An esthetic image is presented to us either in space or in time. What is audible is presented in time, what is visible is presented in space. But temporal or spatial, the esthetic image is first luminously apprehended as self-bounded and self-contained upon the immeasurable background of space or time which is not it. You apprehended it as *one* thing. You see it as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is *integritas*.—

—Bull's eye!—said Lynch, laughing—Go on.—

—Then—said Stephen—you pass from point to point, led by its formal lines; you apprehend it as balanced part against part within its limits; you feel the rhythm of its structure. In other words, the synthesis of immediate perception is followed by the analysis of apprehension. Having first felt that it is *one* thing you feel now that it is a *thing*. You apprehend it as complex, multiple, divisible, separable, made up of its parts, the result of its parts and their sum, harmonious. That is *consonantia*.—

—Bull's eye again!—said Lynch wittily.—Tell me now what is claritas and you win the cigar.—

—The connotation of the word—Stephen said—is rather vague. Aquinas uses a term which seems to be inexact. It baffled me for a long time. It would lead you to believe that he had in mind symbolism or idealism, the supreme quality of beauty being a light from some other world, the idea of which the matter was but the shadow, the reality of which it was but the symbol.

I thought he might mean that *claritas* was the artistic discovery and representation of the divine purpose in anything or a force of generalization which would make the esthetic image a universal one, make it outshine its proper conditions. But that is literary talk. I understand it so. When you have apprehended that basket as one thing and have then analysed it according to its form and apprehended it as a thing you make the only synthesis which is logically and esthetically permissible. You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. The radiance of which he speaks is the scholastic *quidditas*, the *whatness* of a thing. This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived in his imagination. The mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the esthetic image, is apprehended luminously in the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is the luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley's, called the enchantment of the heart.—

Stephen paused and, though his companion did not speak, felt that his words had called up around them a thought enchanted silence.

—What I have said—he began again—refers to beauty in the wider sense of the word, in the sense which the word has in literary tradition. In the marketplace it has another sense. When we speak of beauty in the second sense of the term our judgment is influenced in the first place by the art itself and by the form of that

art. The image, it is clear, must be set between the mind or senses of the artist himself and the mind or senses of others. If you bear this in memory you will see that art necessarily divides itself into three forms progressing from one to the next. These forms are: the lyrical form, the form wherein the artist presents his image in immediate relation to himself; the epical form, the form wherein he presents his image in mediate relation to himself and to others; the dramatic form, the form wherein he presents his image in immediate relation to others.—

So much has been quoted because it reveals several pertinent facts about Joyce's attitude toward fiction. In the first place, this is not the sort of conversation that most readers would expect in a volume which is presumably a novel. It would be amusing to know how it was received by those ostensibly wise ones who go to H. G. Wells for the settlement of all questions. It might be argued that such a conversation was an example of bad technique on the part of the novelist, that he was diverting the reader's interest in Stephen Dedalus to a closely-cerebrated essay on æsthetics. Such an assumption, however, would be totally false. It would predicate a misunderstanding of the actual purpose of the novel. This conversation, involved and weighty as it is, be-

comes an essential part of the revelation of Stephen Dedalus' mind. It is part of the presentation of the artist as a young man. After all, the novel is not so much a novel as a fictionized autobiography and as such it quite properly includes those materials through which the artist has reached the mental and emotional states of his maturity.

A close reading of this conversation with Lynch will reveal the fact that Stephen is not so very obscure or involved. He is struggling by a rational progression of deliberate steps to satisfy himself concerning the core of art. It is simplicity itself at which he aims, simplicity and the utmost freedom from all alien influences. Such a thing as ethics does not enter into his conception of art. We must bear this in mind when we read "Ulysses." It is not to be judged by the standards of Christianized letters. On the other hand, pornography is as abhorrent to the writer as didacticism. This must be understood, too, in any perusal of "Ulysses," for if we judge the book from the attitude of Joyce, applying to it the standards by which he guides himself, we shall find that there is not a pornographic line in

it. Truth in itself is not pornographic; it is made so by the unevenly developed consciousness of the observer. Supreme art, according to Joyce, is no more than the white flare of a moment, the bright instant before a coal begins to fade, an enchantment of the heart, the free and unimpeded liberation of a rhythm which springs where it will and from what it will. This is not so new, after all; neither is the æsthetic philosophy which Joyce enunciates throughout the last part of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." The mind that is fashioning this material seems new to us because we are so ignorant of scholastic philosophy. There is even a slight pedantry about it; the smoke of the study-lamp is upon it.

There is nothing more difficult than the presentation of æsthetic principles in fiction form or the creation of an artist. The greater part of the strength of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" lies in the fact that we never for a moment doubt the statement that Stephen Dedalus is an artist; the validity of his conversations is unquestioned. He has evolved from his squalid environment into an intensely poignant figure, lonely, sensitively cerebral, essentially permeated

with mediæval Catholicism. By the time the walk with Lynch is reached he is fully developed, a complex personality, perhaps, but animated by a vast simplicity of purpose which will, in its actual application, make him a stranger in his own house and land, an exile in time and space. The thought of religion continually comes back to him, gnawing like a sly rat at his mind, disturbing his æsthetic equilibrium. Together with it comes the ecstasy of creation, the white-hot moments when the heart and brain leap together in the divine moments of poetic creation. We are even given a vivid picture of the inception and birth of an actual poem, an emotional rendering that is sheer poetry in itself. He awakes quivering with inspiration from a vision of the ecstasy of seraphic life.

The instant of inspiration seemed now to be reflected from all sides at once from a multitude of cloudy circumstances of what had happened or of what might have happened. The instant flashed forth like a point of light and now from cloud on cloud of vague circumstance confused form was veiling softly its afterglow. O! In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber. An afterglow deepened within his spirit, whence the white flame had passed, deepening

to a rose and ardent light. That rose and ardent light was her strange wilful heart, strange that no man had known or would know, wilful from before the beginning of the world: and lured by that ardent roselike glow the choirs of the seraphim were falling from heaven.

> Are you not weary of ardent ways,
> Lure of the fallen seraphim?
> Tell no more of an enchanted days.

The verses passed from his mind to his lips and, murmuring them over, he felt the rhythmic movement of a villanelle pass through them. The roselike glow sent forth its rays of rhyme; ways, days, blaze, praise, raise. Its rays burned up the world, consumed the hearts of men and angels: the rays from the rose that was her wilful heart.

> Your eyes have set man's heart ablaze
> And you have had your will of him.
> Are you not weary of ardent ways?

It is in such passages as these that we begin to see the beginnings of that form which, carried to its logically complete development, becomes the essential style of "Ulysses." Except for the conversation with Cranley wherein Stephen explains his inability to believe in the faith which has fashioned him into the sensitive creature he is the rest of the book is wholly concerned with the unspoken thoughts of the poet, his reactions toward the girl upon whom he had

set the seal of his love, the gnawing unrest which must culminate in his departure. Michael Robartes remembered forgotten beauty and when his arms wrapped his love he held all the faded loveliness of the world; Stephen desires to press in his arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world. So he goes.

Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.

And it is with the thought of Dedalos and his osier-bound wings that he goes.

Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead.

2

The reception accorded "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" was a mixed one. Indeed, it has been Joyce's misfortune (or his good fortune, it always depends on one's opinion of the intellectual plane of the day) to be as roundly berated because of every book he has produced (if we except "Chamber Music") as he has been praised. One obvious reason for this, of

course, is because he has been a solitary traveller in letters, making absolutely no compromises with the taste of his day. Yet he has never been entirely dismissed by any mind containing even a few ingredients of intelligence. He troubles them; he appals them at times; but he wrings a rather left-handed admiration from them. For the most part, they are too astute to quite sacrifice their posthumous positions as critics by any attempted complete destructions of Joyce as a writer. It is only from such uncompromising conservatives as Alfred Noyes (who curiously enough parallels *The Pink 'Un* in his approach to Joyce) and the moral Mr. James Douglas that unqualified censure comes. Practically all writers of any position do not fail to note the intense power revealed in Joyce's work. H. G. Wells, for instance, writing about "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" in the London *Nation*, declared: "It is a book to buy and read and lock up but it is not a book to miss. Its claim to literature is as good as the claim of the last book of 'Gulliver's Travels.' . . . Like Swift and another living Irish writer [Moore?], Mr. Joyce has a cloacal obsession. . . . Like

most of the best novels in the world it is the story of an education. It is by far the most living and convincing picture that exists of an Irish Catholic upbringing. . . . The technique is startling. . . . One conversation in this book is a superb success. I write with all due deliberation that Sterne himself could not have done it better. . . . The interest of the book depends entirely on its quintessential and unfailing reality. One believes in Stephen Dedalus as one believes in few characters in fiction. . . . A most memorable novel." Mr. "Solomon Eagle" in the *New Statesman* affirmed that England had never had a novel in the least degree resembling this one. "He [Joyce] is a realist of the first order. . . . His honesty is complete. It is even a little too complete." It is interesting to learn from Mr. Squire that one can be too honest.

However, in spite of detraction and half-hearted praise and timidly-qualified admiration "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" speedily assumed its proper position as the most important experiment in the English-written novel since the influence of "Madame Bovary" had slipped across the Channel. It was a key to a

great door which swung open and revealed an entire new world for the novel. Here was an astonishing reality naturally intertwined with the most intensely subconscious revelation. It became impossible for other novelists of any intelligence to escape its influence. At least as far as sheer art was concerned "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" was the coffin-lid for the emaciated corpse of the old genre of the English novel. It was a signpost pointing along that road which led to "Ulysses" and which still stretches wide and inviting albeit stony and difficult for other novelists who would be among the outriders of our intellectual progress.

IV

1

The dramatic form has always appealed to the Irish literary mind intensely and it is difficult to discover a Celtic writer of prominence who has not essayed it at least once. William Butler Yeats, A. E., Daniel Corkery, George Moore, novelists, essayists, poets, all of them have been induced to experiment with the play-form. This is most natural for the modern Irish Movement has been peculiarly dramatic; in its dramatic literature may be discovered a good share of its highest achievement. A rare perception of dramatic situations, a visualization of human beings in juxtaposition, an unfailing fund of humor and poetry in dialogue, an inborn sense of histrionics, all of these things combined with the conscious determination of a few leaders to give Ireland a drama unmistakably its own.

The plays divided easily into two forms, the poetic and symbolic and the peasant drama. With the passing of time they dealt more and more with inner problems of the mind, expositions of the soul, but even with this trend to aid us it is difficult to orientate Joyce in what we may describe as the Irish dramatic movement proper. He is hardly to be classified with the Abbey Theatre group. As in poetry and prose he stood aside from it. Any consideration of his solitary drama, "Exiles," will speedily manifest how far he is from those familiar goals toward which the overwhelming majority of Irish writers move. A national consciousness, as we have been induced by frequent repetition to acknowledge it, is no more obvious in "Exiles" than it is in "Dubliners" or "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." This is not to say that the play is not Irish. It is. No one but a man immersed in the catholic scholasticism peculiar to a certain type of Irish mind could have handled the subject-matter of "Exiles" in just the way in which Joyce did. But the actual atmosphere is not as patently Irish as are the sketches in "Dubliners" or the general atmosphere of "A Portrait of the

Artist as a Young Man." The superficial action of "Exiles" might have taken place in London or Brussels or New York without any very difficult revision. It is in the higher aspects of the mentality of the characters in this play that a deep and subtle Irish note is struck. "Exiles," in the first place, is a dissection of souls, a penetrating revelation of the mind of a hyper-intellectualized artistic type; and, although the scene is laid in Dublin, there is nothing to inform us particularly that it is Irish. There are no obvious attempts at native portraiture except in so far as Richard Rowan is a certain aspect of the Irish artist.

"Exiles" was published in 1918 but the author sets the scene in 1912. The actual composition of the play occurred in Trieste during 1914–1915. In point of publication it comes between "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Ulysses," and because this is so, it may be regarded as an interlude (a sombre interlude, of course) between those extraordinary achievements. Joyce is only secondarily a playwright after all just as he is only secondarily a poet. His great function in letters is fictional narrative.

Yet he handles his dramatic technique with astonishing dexterity. It is very plain to see that he has absorbed a deal of knowledge concerned with drama and that not the least of the fountainheads to which he has gone is Henrik Ibsen. It is to be doubted whether "Exiles" would ever have been written if it had not been for Joyce's early admiration for the Norwegian dramatist. Certain kindred aspects of workmanship and approach evidence themselves in "Exiles." There is the same closely condensed style of writing, the absolute absence of heroics of any sort, the profound realism that seems to echo vaguely with symbolic inferences. It is the style of the later Ibsen, of the Ibsen of "When We Dead Awaken." Most important of all is the successful application of Ibsen's greatest principles, that character on the stage, as in a book, is the most absorbing thing and that dramatic personages should be more fully rounded by a sense of the past in the dialogue. As in the work of the Norwegian we feel that the four people in "Exiles" have lived before the first curtain goes up and will continue to live after the last scene is played out. They are familiars to their creator and he knows more about

them than is even intimated in the action. Because this is so they drop into mystery at times; their thoughts move beyond our knowledge in those bleak spaces where their secret dramas of the soul are painfully enacted. And yet there is movement that the reader may follow. The obscurities are those obscurities that surround all human beings. "Exiles" presents a problem and there is an excellently contrived element of suspense that carries to the end of the last act. Even then it goes off into space somewhere. The actual dramatic technique heightens and emphasizes this suspense and it is with a keen eye for climax that Joyce ends his second and pivotal act at a moment when the readers' curiosity is aroused to the very highest pitch. All this is well-planned, ample evidence of Joyce's assiduous application to the theme in hand. He finishes nothing badly or hastily.

Yet, excellent as "Exiles" is, we can regard it as no more than an offshoot of Joyce's career. It was a tangential thrust, a departure from the main road upon which Joyce travels. He encountered a theme that cried out for dramatic treatment and he gave it that treatment, reveal-

ing how fine a playwright he would be if he were particularly destined to be a playwright. Long before "Exiles," of course, it was perceptible that Joyce could handle dramatic situations with a keen sense of affect. Certain of the scenes in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" proved this as did some of the sketches in "Dubliners." The equipment was there ready to be put to the particular use should Joyce so desire.

The action of "Exiles" is encompassed within twenty-four hours but during that brief space of time three personages are revealed in the most lucid manner. We know them thoroughly even though some of their objectives and mental approaches may be a little puzzling. The situation itself is extremely simple, being no more than a double triangle. But in the handling there is a high degree of spiritual dissection that lifts the drama from any suggestion of obviousness and places it on a plane of serious study. The central figure of "Exiles" is Richard Rowan, a highly intellectualized type of Irish writer who has just returned from Italy after a nine years' absence from Dublin with the girl he ran away with, now his wife. Richard's oldest friend, Robert Hand,

a journalist, is in love with Bertha, Richard's wife, and attempts to carry on an affair with her. At the same time Richard is struggling with a queer cold affection for Beatrice Justice, a cousin to Robert Hand. It is these four characters who carry on the action, an action mainly revelatory of the soul-states of the quartette which rises to a fine climax when the two men meet in the evening at Robert's apartment where he is expecting an assignation with Bertha. It has already been intimated that the influence of Ibsen is to be discerned in this play. So, too, in a lesser degree may be discovered a faint Strindbergian morbidity, a dark interest in sexual fluctuations particularly as they affect the mentality. It is but a hint, however, for Joyce has lifted his characters to a higher plane than was ever possible for the creations of Strindberg. Richard Rowan is quite aware that his friend, Robert, is paying attention to Bertha and he permits it to go on, even making the way clear for his wife to visit Robert in his bachelor quarters. The reasons for this are not so much emotional as cerebral. Richard is a creature of intellectual approach and even though he lacerate himself in the gesture he must go on

as his highly sensitized mentality directs him. His philosophy becomes clear in the second act where he drops in on Robert, much to that more normal person's amazement and uneasiness, and explains that he is aware that Bertha is coming that night and that, in fact, he knows everything about Robert's treachery. Richard believes that to take care for the future is to destroy hope and love in the world if we take care for it by impinging our own personalities on it. He possesses an abiding horror of chains of any sort and this is the prime reason why he is static in the house which seems to be crumbling about him. He will put no bars of any sort between his wife and her instinctive inclinations. Believing that to love one is to wish one well he fears that his love will, in some way, dominate his wife and subject her to a mental slavery that is alien to his free thoughts. In answer to Robert's "What do you fear?" he cries, ". . . that I will reproach myself then for having taken all for myself because I would not suffer her to give to another what was hers and not mine to give, because I accepted from her her loyalty and made her life poorer in love. That is my fear. That I stand between

her and any moments of life that should be hers, between her and you, between her and any one, between her and anything. I will not do it. I cannot and I will not. I dare not." And it is but a moment later that Richard confesses that, in his heart's core, he longed to be betrayed by Bertha and Robert, that she had always spoken of her innocence as he had spoken always of his guilt, humbling him. Pride and ignoble longing are in this wish and so too, but faintly, is the thought of Beatrice Justice. Robert Hand eventually challenges Richard to battle for Bertha—"a fight of your soul against the spectre of fidelity, of mine against the spectre of friendship. All life is a conquest, the victory of the human passion over the commandments of cowardice." Passion, according to Robert, is the only gate by which we can escape from the misery of what slaves call life. It is in this scene that the action is lifted to a high metaphysical plane and that abstract concepts are garmented with warm flesh.

Bertha comes to the assignation, bitter in her heart at Richard's seeming calmness and inwardly jealous of Beatrice Justice. The curtain falls before Bertha answers whether or not she loves

Robert. This second act is a superbly managed dramatic situation written in an extraordinarily crisp and firm prose and rising steadily in emotional intensity and suspense to the clever albeit perplexing climax. The third act, unlike most final acts in drama, does not actually clear up the situation. Richard is assured that nothing has taken place; Robert Hand goes away; Beatrice Justice says that she loves Richard no more. Yet there is nothing conclusive here for life is not like that. Richard has wounded his soul for his wife. A doubt has been planted there, the cruel seed of his cerebration. He will never know as long as he lives. Bertha, with closed eyes, cries for the return of the wild strange lover that Richard was but we feel that he will never return to her. All of them are now exiles, spiritual exiles wandering on the wastes of secret and inexplicable passion.

2

The casual reader is apt to miss the extraordinarily acute spiritual analyses that lift this drama so high above the usual gamut of the problem play. Here is a drama that moves on two

planes. There is the physical and mental reactions of these four characters against one another and there is that higher, lonelier drama which is played out in the intricate labyrinths of the brain. Richard Rowan and Robert Hand, to borrow a phrase from Desmond MacCarthy, had "reached that pitch of mutual understanding at which consciousness that each is still at bottom solitary is, in a strange way, the tenderest bond between them." It is with this subtle kinship that they meet, antagonistic at first but gradually feeling their way to a partial understanding that is more intimated than actually posited. Richard is that type of artist who will venture to destroy his own equanimity in life for the dangerous doctrine of the unalloyed rights of personality. He would hold nothing, not even his wife, except by the inevitable bond of unquestioned willingness. The idea of coercion (especially spiritual) immediately suggests alienation to him. After all, there is no such thing as possession. There is nothing but a spiritual and mental mingling of divine essences. It is by a freely tendered liberty, by an effortless concordance with the undirected instincts of the other that the closest kinship is

possible. In the mental attitude of Richard Rowan I seem to perceive the application of the profound statement of a forgotten Latin poet,—*Hoc habeo quodcunque dedi.* Richard believes (or, at least, he tried to make himself believe) that everything which he has given away he still possesses. That is why he will not fight for his wife. According to his theory her complete freedom is the closest bond between them, the one most impossible to break. It is possibly a cold theory, one at odds with the primitive instincts of the human animal but we must remember that Richard Rowan is essentially a cerebralist, a self-analyst, an inward-peering consciousness that is hyper-critical.

Robert Hand is more the normal man. He walks on a lower plane although he is still sufficiently keen to perceive the exalted direction taken by Richard. One is a little puzzled at Robert Hand occasionally for there is an implied flippancy in some of his utterances that seems to be quite dissipated when he is face to face with the spiritual travail of Richard Rowan. It is possible, of course, that he reacts lightlier and with less consistency than his more intense friend. It

is also possible that Robert's depths of mind have not been explored with the same degree of consistency that Joyce evinces in his portrait of Richard. And yet there is an inevitable humanity about Robert that constantly reveals the most careful workmanship on the part of Joyce. Bertha is magnificently human. We observe her fighting somewhat in the dark, woman-like in her fear of and desire to be spared from deciding her own fate. She is beset by doubt. It is most natural that she should misinterpret Richard's open-mindedness as indifference even though there have been nine years of intimate life between them. In the first place there is Beatrice Justice. Bertha can never be certain just how deep Richard's desire for Beatrice pierces into his consciousness. And secondly there is the inborn love of every woman that she be violently desired by the man she loves. It is for that man that she looks. It is for that reason that she cries for the wild strange lover of her youth at the very end of the play. He, at least, was a spiritual certainty.

Even the most careful reader of the play will be a bit doubtful of just how strong the attach-

ment between Richard and Beatrice Justice is. It would appear, though, that Beatrice is a source of peace for Richard. Because he does not love her to that high cerebral degree that he does Bertha he is less troubled in his soul about her. Therefore she glows for a moment as a luminous escape from a self-torturing conscious passion. All four of these characters, even Robert Hand, are highly-intellectualized explorers desirous of passing beyond the good and evil of a mutable world. Padraic Colum has pointed out that they strive to do this "with words derived from catholic philosophy on their lips," and here again we meet with that deeply-implanted vein of mind that is so perceptible in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Ulysses." The debt that James Joyce owes to Aquinas is no less than the major portion of his intricate mind.

Certain other aspects of "Exiles" are peculiarly suggestive of Joyce as well. For instance, Richard Rowan's mother had died at odds with him and the memory of it is planted immutably in his consciousness. This is a note which we may find more fully developed in both "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and especially

"Ulysses." Religious allusions are manifest although infrequently. Then, too, the figure of Richard Rowan, essentially an intellectual exile from his surroundings, an astonishingly clever talker even in his most serious moments, almost metaphysical at times, is the type who occurs in practically all of Joyce's books. It is interesting also to note that the action of "Exiles" is circumscribed within twenty-four hours as is the case in "Ulysses." There is an Aristotelean leaning toward the unities in Joyce.

V

1

"Ulysses" is the revelation of all life in a single day. It does not particularly help the reader to associate the book with any known genres of literary technique and approach. It undoubtedly reveals influences for it is manifestly impossible to create anything without somewhere employing methods that have been used before. At the same time these influences may be so absorbed into an intensely individual nature as to be but minor phases of an accomplishment that is, in its last analysis, a solitary gesture. And this is the case with "Ulysses." It belongs to the age because (in spite of what certain critics affirm) it is intelligible. Even so, it cannot be bracketted with any perceptible movement except in the most general terms. Marcel Proust may be cited, Dorothy Richardson may be indicated, and—by

the patent acceptance of a premise—Joyce may be placed in their fellowship. All of them deal with the sub-conscious man and woman, disentangling the superficial sentimentalities of life—the surface characteristics from those subterranean rivers of consciousness and sub-consciousness that flow behind the dark mystery of the brain and the unco-ordinated impulses of the instincts. But with this broad similarity of subject matter—which, after all, is nothing more than a severely honest attempt to remove the tradition-crusted shell of humanity and permit the essential personality to walk naked—the likeness between James Joyce and his more intelligent contemporaries ceases. The truth is that all these authors are working at different levels and that certainly in the case of Miss Richardson but less so in the huge edifice reared by Marcel Proust there is a perceptible reluctance to venture too deeply into the dark underworld of the mind. Joyce makes no halt on his perilous descent. He goes to the very bottom with an intellectual deliberation that is at times terrible but which always suggests an epic grandeur. He empties the minds of his characters entirely of filth and

beauty and makes no hasty gesture of concealment. Such a procedure is as abrupt as it is terrifying. No audience has ever been prepared for such an abysmal revelation. The shocked mind is stunned into no more than a partial comprehension. There is a withering honesty here that is not quite *comme il faut* among human intelligences, even among intelligences which compliment themselves upon being essentially realistic, broad-minded, and impartial in their receptivity to all the unquestioned manifestations of life. After all, they *do* draw the line. Some few hypocrisies, some few veils must be left. Joyce, with the cold precision of an impartial God, strips every veil from the human spirit. For the first time in any book that has ever been written we are given the complete portrait of an actual man—Leopold Bloom. There is nothing that we do not know about him by the time he stands above Stephen Dedalus' prostrate form in the dark hell of Dublin's night-town. We know this man better than we know ourselves and in spite of his individuality he typifies more than a sheepfaced Dublin Jew with a whorish wife making his living by canvassing

ads. Because he does stand for more than Leopold Bloom and because Stephen Dedalus stands for more than Stephen Dedalus the book is lifted to the realms of great art. No one would care to be Bloom, perhaps, but it is to be suspected that many a young man will see himself in Stephen Dedalus. Stephen is the Hamlet of the Twentieth Century. He is to a certain type of English-speaking mind what Sanin was to a certain type of Russian mind fifteen or more years ago.

There is no doubt but that the major part of the success of "Ulysses" is due to the fact that Joyce did not people his canvas with figments of his imagination only. He took living men and women (in many cases under their own names) and pictured them with a fiendish reality. In a certain sense the book is a great autobiography, and viewed from this angle Mary M. Colum is quite correct in noting a resemblance between Joyce and the Jean Jacques Rousseau of the "Confessions." But it is less an autobiography of objective movements than it is a spiritual autobiography (Rousseau again) and together with its being a spiritual autobiography of James Joyce

it is also a spiritual autobiography of Dublin. The atmosphere, the living wraith of a city, is created and passes with multitudinous gestures through the 732 pages of the book. All the varying facets of the metropolis leap from the sentences. The effect is appalling after the book is read and set aside. Where does the noble art of fiction go from here? And yet this is probably intimating too much. There can hardly be another "Ulysses" even from Joyce. The book by its very success settles its own problem. Its influence will undoubtedly be felt for many years but it will be the influence of cerebral approach, the deepening of a spirit that was already in the air, and, perhaps, an actual prose influence, an inclination to set down the fluid unspoken thoughts passing through a character's head as Joyce has done it. The individuality of "Ulysses" is too striking for it to have many disciples. Such an attitude would be almost analogous to an admirer of the Venus de Milo setting out on his own part to fashioning armless statues with the draperies slipped to the waist and held by a lifted thigh. It is easy enough to comprehend a writer employing both the prose construction

and novel construction of Henry James or Thomas Hardy or even Dorothy Richardson and still being himself and expressing himself; on the other hand, it is impossible to conceive of anybody taking over Joyce's prose and construction. The man is too various; he is a continent in himself. And yet, beautifully enough, his variety falls into a unified ensemble. In approaching "Ulysses" it may be possible to emphasize this unity in the apparent diffuseness.

The opening sentence of this chapter affirmed that "Ulysses" is the revelation of all life in a single day. The statement is to be taken literally. The action of this huge book (it is as long as seven ordinary novels) is encompassed between the early morning hours of June 16, 1904, and about three o'clock of the morning of June 17, say nineteen or twenty hours in all. And yet in that short period of time is packed the whole vivid variegated life of Dublin serving as an animated tapestry for the twin-heroic portraits of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom. All the emotions and attributes find their place here. There is birth, love, death, adultery, greed, sloth, drunkenness, anger, chicanery, intrigue, re-

ligion, philosophy, literature, spiritual-torture, childish ignorance, nationalism, lechery, madness, the list is infinite. Expressing these emotions hundreds of characters hold forth in the streets, public-houses, cemeteries, shops, libraries, newspaper offices, hospitals, brothels and churches. With this infinite variety of material (most of it documentary and the result either of carefully compiled note-books or the most extraordinary memory the world has ever seen) the author conceives a certain order and in so doing he creates a new form for the novel. M. Valery Larbaud was the first to point out that the construction of "Ulysses" is directly based upon Homer's epic of the same name and certain aspects of the book manifestly show that this is so although it is unimportant except from a symbolic point of view. Transforming Stephen Dedalus into Telemachus, Leopold Bloom into Ulysses, Mr. Deasy into Nestor, Paddy Dignam into Elpenor, Gerty MacDowell into Nausikaa, the mad citizen in Kiernan's into the Cyclops, the newspaper office into the Cave of the Winds, Mrs. Bloom into Penelope, and so on ad infinitum may be an interesting sport but hardly one that

will enhance the value of the book. Who cares about the Homeric construction any more than who cares about the many parodies of prose styles which dot two of the chapters and, while they show Joyce's meticulous knowledge of the development of the written word, arouse an emphatic impatience in the reader whose interest is based on the real genius of the book? This real genius is implicit in the complete revelation and development of two characters, two of the greatest, saddest, most tragi-comic portraits in the entire annals of literary achievement,—Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom. There are certain secondary characters which are developed as completely although not with the painstaking care that is expended on these two major figures. For instance, there is Marion Tweedy Bloom, Buck Mulligan, Mr. Deasy, Haines the Englishman, Gerty MacDowell, Myles Crawford, Blazes Boylan. Several of these characters and an entire host of subsidiary personages who enter more or less briefly into the book are but slightly-disguised portraits of actual Dublin people. Indeed, just before the book was published there was a rumor to the effect that Dublin was divided

into two camps concerning it:—those who were afraid they were in the book and those who were afraid they were not in it. From a superficial knowledge of Dublin the writer would affirm that Joyce certainly did his best by the first group and tried to make the second as small as possible. Many of the actual persons appear quite frankly under their own names and among them may be noted George Russell (A. E.), John Eglinton, Richard Best, John Howard Parnell, and "Skin-the-Goat," the Dublin underworld character who is supposed to have driven the assassin's car during the Phoenix Park murders. But all of these characters, real and imaginary, as perfectly as they are revealed or conceived, become, in the last analysis, but figures on that fluctuating background called life against which Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom walk during their single momentous day.

The first few chapters of "Ulysses" are concerned only with Stephen Dedalus (it will be remembered that the first few books of Homer's "Odyssey" describe Telemachus and his setting out in search of his father) and in exactly fifty pages Joyce draws a portrait (obviously autobio-

graphical) that is astonishing in its complexity and completeness. This is the Stephen of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," somewhat older, returned from a poverty-stricken existence in Paris, haunted constantly by the figure of his dead mother. The whole centre-spring of Stephen's nature (a nature most vividly Irish, Roman-Catholic trained and superstitious in spite of its intellectuality) rests in this obsession of the dead mother and the apostate son's refusal to kneel down by her death-bed and pray for the repose of her soul. She haunts him constantly and yet it is not penitence for his arrogant insistence on his right to be free of a God and a creed which no longer extracts any allegiance from him remains unshaken.

> Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown grave-clothes giving off an odor of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odor of wetted ashes.

Through these opening chapters we witness Stephen moving, his mind constantly turned inward, the desolate shores of his individuality ever fretted by the white, wave-wash of years of medi-

tation, reading, and mediæval speculation. He views life through colored images and visions and everything comes in contact with his sensitive, proud, tortured, humiliated spirit with a white-hot personal application. Stephen stands in the middle of his universe and it converges in on him from all sides. He is the centre of things, the aristocratic artistic temperament buffeted about by sly winds that would have absolutely no effect on a more callous personality. Nowhere but in Ireland could such a person exist as Stephen Dedalus and because this is so certain critics, among them M. Valery Larbaud, are assuming too much when they attempt to remove Stephen from his native spiritual environment and fashion him into a creation of general European letters. As Stephen bitterly affirms, he is the servant of two masters—the Roman Catholic Church and the British Empire—and they have made him what he is. Religion, oppression, and poverty have seared the artist's delicately-adjusted mind into something that at times may seem hard and false but which, in reality, is the loud, guttural cry of an outraged spirit. We can hardly doubt that the obscenity, the unspeakable vulgarity, the de-

liberately flaunted filth of portions of "Ulysses" are the direct result of a startled recoil from the terrific mental and moral oppression of the Church. It is the wounded snarl of bitterness, the bitterness which we shall see later on brings Stephen marching into a brothel with lifted ash-plant chanting the "Introit" for paschal time. This is not obscene. If anything, it is tragic. Instead of outraged cries it should bring tears. The Stephen Dedalus who revels in the obscenities of the brothel in the astonishing *Walpurgisnacht* scene of "Ulysses," is exactly the same Stephen who grovelled in fright during the vivid depiction of the terrors of Hell for sinners in that marvellous retreat description which is one of the crowning points of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." It is the same emotion only the world in which it first came to birth has been completely upset and turned over.

Stephen has lost all faith. He regards himself pretty much as a later Hamlet. His bitterness (explicit in his pointing to a cracked mirror and sneering, "It is a symbol of Irish art,—the cracked looking-glass of a servant.") is the result of a series of culminating conditions but it is safe to

assume that beneath them all is the Church and poverty. His pride is evident in his unexpected declaration to Buck Mulligan that he is angry at that mercurial person not because of the offence given his mother's memory by an unthinking remark on Mulligan's part but because of the offence given to *him*, Stephen. It is the solitary arrogant soul of the artist (always an Irish artist) speaking. So through these opening chapters it is to be expected that Stephen will pass like a lonely Hamlet through the echoing halls of his Elsinore, not particularly entertained by the vulgar badinage of the irrepressible Buck Mulligan, disliking the Englishman Haines ("horn of a bull . . . hoof of a horse . . . smile of a Saxon.") wandering along the sea-shore from the Martello Tower to Mr. Deasy's Unionist school, listening to the ready-while-you-wait wisdom of that person (Nestor) and so, after his teaching is done, passing on to the city, his ostensible destination a newspaper office where he will hand in Mr. Deasy's letter anent the hoof-and-mouth disease. Bullockbefriending bard!

The tone of the book has been established. Stephen has set forth on that day's travels which

will eventuate in the discovery of a spiritual father. Telemachus will find Ulysses. Unconsciously he goes. "To evening lands. Evening will find itself." These opening chapters (which may well be likened to the opening movement of a sonata) are garmented in a prose astonishing in its variety and flexible power of picturing the mind of the protagonist. Especially in the third chapter is this new method perfected by Joyce evident. Here there is no action; Stephen is merely walking along the shore of the sea, pausing, stopping to rest. All the while an unending fluid stream of thoughts is running through his mind, sentences, parts of sentences, phrases, incoherent ejaculations, broken filaments of thoughts turning and twisting. We cannot doubt the authenticity of this shorthand which has caught the heterogenous ebb and flo of the mind. The past and the present and the future mingle, break, clash, react on one another. Memories of his Paris days swim into Stephen's mind, memories of Kevin Egan, an old Irish patriot living in Paris, exiled, alone and forgotten.

Spurned lover. I was a strapping young gossoon at that time, I tell you, I'll show you my likeness one

day. I was, faith. Lover, for her love he prowled with colonel Richard Burke, tanist of his sept, under the walls of Clerkenwell and, crouching, saw a flame of vengeance hurl them upward in the fog. Shattered glass and toppling masonry. In gay Paree he hides, Egan of Paris, unsought by any save me. Making his day's stations, the dingy printingcase, his three taverns, the Montmartre lair he sleeps short night in, rue de la Goutte d'Or, damascened with flyblown faces of the gone. Loveless, landless, wifeless. She is quite nicey comfy without her outcast man, madame, in rue Git-le-Coeur, canary and two buck lodgers. Peachy cheeks, a zebra skirt, frisky as a young thing's. Spurned and undespairing. Tell Pat you saw me, won't you? I wanted to get poor Pat a job one time. *Mon fils*, soldier of France. I taught him to sing. *The boys of Kilkenny are stout roaring blades.* Know that old lay? I taught Patrice that. Old Kilkenny: saint Canice, Strongbow's castle on the Nore. Goes like this. *O, O.* He takes me, Napper Tandy, by the hand.

O, O the boys of
Kilkenny. . . .

Weak wasting hand on mine. They have forgotten Kevin Egan, not he them. Remembering thee, O Sion.

He had come nearer the edge of the sea, and wet sand slapped his boots. The new air greeted him, harping in wild nerves, wind of wild air of seeds of brightness. Here, I am not walking out to the Kish lightship, am I? He stood suddenly, his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking soil. Turn back.

Turning, he scanned the shore south, his feet sinking

again slowly in new sockets. The cold domed room of the tower waits. Through the barbacans the shafts of light are moving ever, slowly ever as my feet are sinking, creeping duskward over the dial-floor. Blue dusk, nightfall, deep blue night. In the darkness of the dome they wait, their pushedback chairs, my obelisk valise, around a board of abandoned platters. Who to clear it? He has the key. I will not sleep there when night comes. A shut door of a silent tower entombing their blind bodies, the panthersahib and his pointer. Call: no answer. He lifted his feet up from the suck and turned back by the mole of boulders. Take all, keep all. My soul walks with me, form of forms. So in the moon's midwatches I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood.

This passage deserves some attention for it is a typical example of the prose form in which a large part of the book is written. It is also a fair representation of the prose which a number of critics have lightly affirmed is unintelligible. There are, of course, two ingredients here and both of them are mingled and intertwined without any distinguishing typographical marks. As should be easily observed from the passage quoted Joyce is carrying along at the same time an objective description of the character's movements and a subjective presentation of the fluid thought which runs through the character's mind. Both

are necessary to the other if a complete picture is to be given. To be explicit with the paragraphs above the first three sentences are Stephen's recollection of words spoken by Kevin Egan. The next eight sentences (any phrase ended by a period is counted as a sentence) are Stephen's memories of Egan himself and the wife who deserted Egan. The seven sentences that follow are remembered conversation of Egan. Then follows a single sentence, an historical reference brought to Stephen's mind by the old patriot and his song. This, by the way, is a method of emphasis frequently employed by Joyce,—i. e., the sudden introduction of historical, literary, or religious allusions to strengthen and make more vivid the thought. After the allusion in the quotation above Stephen continues his memories of Egan's description of the song, interrupting them by another allusion parodied from the first line of "The Wearing of the Green." There is a snatch of "The Boys of Kilkenny" and then follows a most poignant paragraph idealizing Kevin Egan. The third paragraph abruptly shifts from Stephen's thoughts to his movements and continues so without a single break. The

fourth paragraph also opens in an objective manner with a description of movement. Then the author switches to Stephen's thoughts again. The stroller's mind turns to the Martello Tower and night there. Mulligan has his key. He will not sleep there the coming night with the Englishman ("the panthersahib") and Mulligan. For an instant he pictures himself as Hamlet.

So much explanation is given because of the many statements that it is impossible to read "Ulysses." On the contrary it is extremely fascinating reading for the man or woman of intelligence. It is true that there are certain difficult passages in it but they are slight in number compared to the bulk of the book. The author also presupposes (or at least makes absolutely no attempt to explain) intimate knowledge of many things. But so did Browning. Even an ignorance of these things and an inability to crack the hard nuts of certain paragraphs containing comment on actual personalities does not materially obviate against a comprehension and enjoyment of the book. The statement for instance that in order to make any sense out of "Ulysses" one must be intimately acquainted with life and in-

dividualities in Dublin anno 1904 is perfectly silly. Such a knowledge might heighten one's enjoyment, for the scandalous aspects of the book would then be more greatly emphasized but it would not add materially to one's literary appreciation. After all, one does not need an intimate comprehension of the topography and living conditions of ancient Palestine to grasp the meaning of the Bible. What one does need to properly understand "Ulysses" is a knowledge of the thought of the Roman Catholic Church, a certain amount of general cursory knowledge of the Irish mind and letters, and a freedom from over-worked prejudices.

2

With the creation of Leopold Bloom, Joyce set at rest forever the suspicion that he was a one-character creator, that his autobiographical instinct circumscribed his imagination so completely as to render impossible another such sustained and lengthy achievement as Stephen Dedalus. We must always bear in mind that Stephen is Joyce himself or rather Joyce as he sees himself, that many of his movements, his

entire environment and, perhaps, most of his actual conversation is as autobiographical as it is fictional. A great creative instinct is required to make such a personal shadow of one's self live for strange readers but an even greater creative instinct is necessary to make possible the complete success of such a meticulous characterization as that of Leopold Bloom, the Dublin Jew. That Joyce does this, that he makes this figure so poignantly real, so complex and yet so comprehensible, assuredly places Bloom among the few great creations in letters, with Falstaff, with Don Quixote, even with such a caricature as Pickwick. It may seem straining a theory too far to so classify Leopold Bloom for the three creations just enumerated are, to say the least, unreal if viewed with the hard logic of the realist. But it is in the spirit that they are akin to Bloom. Into their creation, as into the creation of Bloom, went a certain gusto (Arthur Machen would mistakenly affirm it to be ecstasy), a certain *completeness*. They were all men suffering from self-delusions and, from a particular viewpoint, they were ordinary men, cowardly, lecherous, pompous, self-inspired. Their weakness was

their strength. And it is the weaknesses of Leopold Bloom that eventually become his vindication. As Stephen Dedalus is an individual and yet a representative aspect of the tortured aristocrat of art so is Leopold Bloom the common man of business, bitten by vague desires and sorrows, animal-like in his appetites (he eats with relish "the inner organs of beasts and fowls"), inwardly sentimental (under the pseudonym of Henry Flower he carries on an amorous correspondence with a young girl), weak-willed enough to let life drift for the most part, viewing his buxom, high-blooded wife's infidelities with a fatalistic detachment, spontaneously spurred to tiny kindnesses such as leading blind men across dangerous roads and feeding birds, politic, careful of his health, doing nothing to excess, occasionally drinking, and once (as we know from the *Walpurgisnacht* scene) getting thoroughly drunk and wallowing in filth. He is stirred by music; he has a European respect for the artistic temperament; he is a man of peace, a temporizer. And yet withal he is fashioned into a high tragic figure, comical in some aspects but with a comicality that is almost on the verge of tragedy.

Bloom is the one consistently sympathetic character in "Ulysses" for there are times when Stephen Dedalus arouses an impatience in the reader. It is true that we are rather impatient with Bloom at times but it is a different sort of impatience. It is a friendly impatience, an unformulated desire for his welfare and hope that he will suddenly burst forth and assert himself. Stephen, we feel, is strong-willed enough, selfishly self-centred enough to travel through the drab days of his existence, tortured perhaps, but with a mordant realization of aristocratic aloofness, of unquestioned superiority, that will see him through. He is a man who has lost life. He is the irreligious Catholic who understands only too clearly from the training and examples of soutaned clericals how intricate the mind is, how proud and majestic the estate of man may be, and then, having lost his faith, must inevitably observe humanity as an intelligent brood of filthy animals. But Bloom has never possessed life. There are times when he feels it knocking at the locked door of his mind, when he suspects that beyond himself stretch the illimitable plains of being which he may never hope to explore, but

these hints come only in desultory flashes. His dead son, little Rudy, might have lived his life for him. Vicariously Bloom might have ventured through the dark labyrinths of time. But Rudy is dead; he cannot hope to live in his son. So we have Bloom the son-less father and Stephen, the fatherless son, the self-appointed outcast from the ordered condition of things. Bloom is the wandering Ulysses seeking vainly for his home; Stephen is a new type of tragic Telemachus who has given up all hope of finding a father. The construction of the book, astonishingly simple, is but the unconscious wanderings of these two spiritual outcasts to the Fate-appointed meeting late at night in the brothel of Mrs. Bella Cohen on Tyrone Street, lower, where the father finds the son and for a brief instant of time lives and knows himself for a man.

It is by the most desultory chain of incidents that the two men eventually meet. As we have seen Stephen sets forth in the morning from the Martello Tower to the school and from thence starts on his way to the newspaper office with Mr. Deasy's letter on the hoof-and-mouth disease. Bloom starts forth from Eccles Street, after he

has risen, prepared his wife's breakfast and his own, observed that she has received a letter from her lover, Blazes Boylan, and prepared himself for the funeral of Paddy Dignam. His day, too, is pictured by an unending steady stream of mingled thoughts and objective description. And it is here where he employs the same technique of written language to picture the minds of both Stephen and Bloom that Joyce displays how well he controls his medium and with what extraordinary precision he has assimilated his material and set it forth. The style is the same and yet it is absolutely differentiated. This may seem paradoxical but the difference is one of spiritual revelation and content. Stephen's meditations and half-formed thoughts betray the artistic mentality; Bloom's mind moves through concrete images. He is a quick albeit untutored observer of the multifarious aspects of the day about him. Consequently his thoughts are less informed with the bright substance of poetry than those of Stephen. And yet we feel that underneath this layer of mentality lie the deep lodes of poetry which might have been brought out if Bloom's lot had fallen in other ways. He

is quick to seize upon images but he cannot effectually apply them to his own condition. He is often dumb in the face of things which we know affect him mightily. The mind is slightly muffled; it cannot travel too far beyond his corporeal covering. Yet the inclination is always there. Music stirs strange feelings within him but these feelings do not flare into the philosophic beauty which we may find in Stephen. Yet Bloom is philosophical. Indeed, it is quite possible that his conception of thing is more coherent, more sane than that which Stephen bitterly reads into the tangled procession of his days. One reason for this, of course, is that Bloom accepts his surroundings more or less while Stephen does not do so at all. There is a civic pride in Bloom, an affection for the whirling life of the city about him. He accepts men and women much nearer their own estimates than Stephen does. Hardly ever is he sardonic. The acid of Voltaire is not in his blood. He is mild, ameliorative, well-intentioned, eager to help. For the most part he is cheerful enough although there are times when the tragedy of life touches him. His father, for instance (named Virag: Bloom has

changed his name by law) was a suicide and thoughts of "Papli" come back to stir him. As we follow Bloom through the opening hours of his day, the purchase of the kidney for his own breakfast, his morning ablutions (set down with a disconcerting frankness by Joyce), his slow walk to the Westland Row Postal Station where he secures from the General Delivery window a letter addressed to Henry Flower, his meeting with M'Coy and the consequent conversation (unwilling on Bloom's part) about "poor little Paddy Dignam," we begin to know him thoroughly. As in the three preceding chapters where Stephen is so definitively pictured by means of the fluid thoughts constantly running through his mind so is Bloom limned although in the case of the Jew the self-analysis is not carried so far. One must walk farther with Bloom and catch a deal more of his half-formed thoughts before one can hope to know him so well as Stephen. Joyce's very mood of approach is different here for he peels layer after layer from Bloom with a rich sense of humor. As has been intimated before there is gusto in the picturing of Bloom. The man slowly comes forth as a humorous figure

viewed from a certain attitude of mentality. Viewed from another position he is as tragic as he is humorous. We first begin to know Bloom fully, intimately, in the description of the funeral of Paddy Dignam, the long ride to the grave, and the appalling reality with which the ceremony is conveyed to the reader. Not a human touch is left out. Driving to Glasnevin Cemetery (last resting place of so many Irish heroes) in the carriage together with Simon Dedalus, Martin Cunningham, and Mr. Power, Bloom is swept into a rich, racy conversation that is one of the supreme realistic touches of the book. The minds of the four men constantly wander from the tragic circumstance which has brought them together. Bits of gossip retailed, sights in the streets through which they are passing, memories awakened by unco-ordinated thoughts, from these things the mind is forcibly dragged back to Paddy Dignam's end by an effort. Stephen Dedalus passing in the street lifts his hat to the cortège and for the first time in this memorable day the two great figures of the book are in brief juxtaposition. No one can doubt the sense of reality with which Bloom observes the ceremony

in the mortuary chapel conducted by a Father Coffey.

Holy water that was, I expect. Shaking sleep out of it. He must be fed up with that job, shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up. What harm if he could see what he was shaking it over. Every mortal day a fresh batch: middleaged men, old women, children, women dead in childbirth, men with beards, baldheaded business men, consumptive girls with little sparrows' breasts. All the year round he prayed the same thing over them all and shook water on top of them: sleep. On Dignam now.

—*In paradisum.*

His thoughts flow on and over the dark scene before him. Constantly they get away from him. Walking out: "The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo. Lord, I mustn't lilt here." We can imagine what the thoughts of Stephen Dedalus would have been had he been standing in Bloom's place for there is ample evidence of his reactions toward death in the reiterated pictures of his dead mother. The terror would have been sharpened by the keen intellectuality of a cultivated imagination. With Bloom it is different. The thought of his dead son Rudy does not come yet with the high poignancy which is to transform

Bloom for a single white moment. That is to come later in the day, a good while later, and amidst darkness and filth. For the present Bloom does not see beyond the material shapes about him. His mind stops on the threshold of that portal across which Stephen steps so sadly with Yeats's beautiful lines running through his mind:

> And no more turn aside and brood
> Upon love's bitter mystery
> For Fergus rules the brazen cars.

The concrete images, the clothes of the mourners, all that the eye can take in and a limited mentality evolve are there but the dark mystery, the horror, does not reveal itself. Had Bloom been an Irishman in blood he could not fail to have walked in the Valley of the Shadow with his dead friend. Perhaps it is true that death is a higher passion for the mystic Irish mind than any other. So willingly they "fall on sleep" for a thousand futile causes! Bloom's attitude is patent as he stands beside the grave:

> Mr. Bloom stood far back, his hat in his hand, counting the bared heads. Twelve. I'm thirteen. No. The chap in the macintosh is thirteen. Death's number.

Where the deuce did he pop out of? He wasn't in the chapel, that I'll swear. Silly superstition that about thirteen.

Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit. Tinge of purple. I had one like that when we lived in Lombard street west. Dressy fellow he was once. Used to change three suits in the day. Must get that grey suit of mine turned by Mesias. Hello. It's dyed. His wife I forgot he's not married or his landlady ought to have picked out those threads for him.

The coffin dived out of sight, eased down by men straddled on the grave-trestles. They struggled up and out: and all uncovered. Twenty.

Pause.

If we were all suddenly somebody else.

Far away a donkey brayed. Rain. No such ass. Never see a dead one, they say. Shame of death. They hide. Also poor papa went away.

Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper. Whisper. The boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands staring quietly in the black open space. Mr. Bloom moved behind the portly kindly caretaker. Well cut frockcoat. Weighing them up perhaps to see which will go next. Well it is a long rest. Feel no more. It's the moment you feel. Must be damned unpleasant. Can't believe it at first. Mistake must be: some one else. Try the house opposite. Wait, I wanted to. I haven't yet. Then darkened death-chamber. Light they want. Whispering around you. Would you like to see a priest? Then rambling and wandering. Delirium all you hid all your life. The death struggle. His sleep is not natural. Press his lower eyelid. Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw

sinking are the soles of his feet yellow. Pull the pillow away and finish it off on the floor since he's doomed. Devil in that picture of sinner's death showing him a woman. Dying to embrace her in his shirt. Last act of *Lucia. Shall I nevermore behold thee?* Bam! expires. Gone at last. People will talk about you a bit: forget you. Don't forget to pray for him. Remember him in your prayers. Even Parnell. Ivy day dying out. Then they follow: dropping into a hole one after the other.

This is not a mind that is callous in spite of the seeming coldness of the reactions to death. It is a mind that is simply ignorant and speechless before the mysteries, a mentality that accommodates itself to the moment with an agreeableness that is sometimes slightly forced. Yet we must not go too far in the application of the term ignorant for the ignorance is of relative quality. Beside Stephen Bloom is ignorant. This is not so beside Martin Cunningham, for instance, or even Simon Dedalus. Simon is the usual type of Micawber, once of significance but now dropped a long way from his former estate because of drink and a certain ribald insouciance. He is terribly amusing at times but our amusement in him is slightly tempered by the suspicion that he knows he is amusing. He is befouling

his own life through an intelligent clownishness. Such a character becomes of abrupt significance in the book when we realize that he is Stephen's father. His very existence explains a deal of Stephen's character. There is a certain cultivation about Simon Dedalus that makes all the more apparent his moral weakness in sinking so through life. Bloom is not cultivated in the same measure in which Simon Dedalus is but his ignorance is no more noticeable. Although Bloom is an experienced man there is yet a certain naïveté about him which it is impossible to conceive in Stephen's father. The Jew has been evolved in a different atmosphere. Always he has stood outside Roman Catholicism gazing in whereas Simon has always been inside and Simon's bitter son has fiercely torn his way out only to find that the entangling meshes may never be wholly loosed. Such a mind as Bloom's would have its appeal for a man like Stephen Dedalus. The poet would find there a refreshing bath, a pool free of the thousand and one inborn hints of an old life.

Many things are revealed in this graveyard scene. Most subtly is intimated the attitude of

the Irishmen toward the Jew, for instance. And there are sound technical reasons (not necessarily the symbolism of the burial of Elpenor from the "Odyssey") for the entire chapter. One of the main threads of the book is death and the attitude of certain of the characters, especially Bloom, toward death must be clearly postulated if the reader is to comprehend the towering climax of the *Walpurgisnacht* scene. There must be a descent into the Plutonian land of shadows if the theme is to be explicitly represented and the burial of Paddy Dignam becomes the first awesome notes of that strange unearthly music which is to peal so loudly through the final hours of the two men in Dublin's nighttown. The theme is prefigured ever so vaguely in Glasnevin where the lean rat runs out of the stone crypt, where the men—suddenly struck to seriousness—pause by the "The Chief's" monument. Indeed, it cannot be emphasized too often that Joyce is following a meticulously fashioned technical scheme which constantly turns back upon itself and always depends on prior statements and revelations for later effects and climaxes. We cannot doubt but that the author had the entire theme

well correlated and definitely in his mind before he set pen to paper. The architecture of the book may amaze us as something so new as to be outlandish but it is demonstrably built from the most complete understanding of the effect desired.

3

At the conclusion of the funeral scene (the sixth chapter) Joyce plunges into the whirling heart of wholly-awakened Dublin life, the daily existence of a great city. He has already established his two major figures, Stephen and Bloom, so indestructibly in the minds of his readers that no matter where the attention of those readers is shifted these two men will not fade from the consciousness. They are the giants of the book and it is through the individual filters of their minds that Dublin slowly evolves itself into a many-sided, restless conglomeration of differentiated individualities. It may be affirmed that no stone of the city is left unturned in the eight chapters which now intervene between the graveyard scene and the tremendous *Walpurgisnacht* phantasmagoria. From the Greek clarity of the Museum to the hasty gluttons gobbling

greasy foods in the Burton the action shifts. Through this bewildering array of scenes, these endless patterns which form, break, dissolve, and reassert themselves like the colored bits of glass in a kaleidoscope travel the two figures of Stephen and Bloom, each unconscious of the other, almost in juxtaposition for brief moments (in the newspaper office and in the library, for instance), observing the life about them with the particular reactions of their individual minds. Through their eyes the reader observes Dublin, an entire day out of the forgotten life of that city, an inexhaustible piling-up of minutiæ which, in its culmination, reveals the entire atmosphere of the metropolis. The reader has the sensation of intimate knowledge by the time he has reached the *Walpurgisnacht* scene. The city is as familiar to him as his native town. He has shared all its petty gossips and scandals, observed all its local notorieties, walked through its highest and lowest streets, imbibed its intellectual ardors and shared its stupidities, intolerances, meannesses, and spiritual dirtinesses. All of these minute fluctuations have been rhythms struggling toward a common focal point and so passing into the in-

visible yet omnipresent spectre which we may denominate as the spirit of Dublin. We must always remember that it is Joyce's Dublin, however. It is a testimonial to the astounding art and verisimilitude of the author's labors that we are often tempted to forget that this is the case and accept this shifting panorama of insignificances which in toto become so important as an impersonal revelation, a strange mirror in which we witness an entire cross-section of life meticulously revealed. It is demonstrable that this portion of the book is heavily documented and in so far as that is so it *is* an actual regalvanizing of small actualities. But together with the documentation goes a highly centralized creative instinct which metamorphoses these infinitesimal fluctuations into a peculiarly personal expression. It is James Joyce's Dublin that we have here, and, perhaps, not the Dublin of many another Irishman who has passed his days by the Liffey. After all, complete impersonality is impossible except in the elucidation of arithmetical problems and every city becomes but the reactions of the mind which is flung into it.

If we closely observe the Dublin which Joyce

unfolds before us we shall see that it is not a metropolis at all. It is a huge overgrown town with all the petty instincts of a town. It is outrageously provincial, honeycombed and humming with small scandals and furtive spyings upon one's neighbors. Everybody knows everybody else. Bluster and hollow swank and sodden drunkenness are never much farther than around the corner. The unsophistication of a town is here, the unhesitating pushing of local phenomena to the status of universal interest. For many of these people the world is bounded by the Hill of Howth and Dalkey. Just how true this is some other Dubliner must demonstrate. But viewed from the outside and with the application of a cursory knowledge it would seem to be but partially true. Dublin, after all, is the mouth of Ireland; through it the island speaks. There is a concentrated nationality here which viewed from a certain attitude of mind actually might seem to resemble provincialism. Years of political subjugation and unresting conspiracy on the part of a proportion of the intelligentsia might easily distort the point of view of a people so closely bound by ties of tradition and ambition.

After all, there is no reason why a dominated race should trouble their minds with cosmopolitanism. They are circumscribed by their passion and their patriotic impulses forbid them to pass beyond the fiery ring of hate which is their spiritual bulwark and the source of their strength. In such a small inwardly-concerned area petty hates and scandals are bound to spring up and clash against one another.

The national patriotism of Joyce has never been particularly in evidence although there are moments when we feel that a stout emotion is but thinly concealed. Even in the graveyard scene we feel that the references to Robert Emmet and Parnell are animated by a bitterness occasioned by the realization (personally arrived at, of course) of how far the Irish have fallen from the ideals of their heroes. There are Stephen's memories of the old Fenian, Kevin Egan. "They have forgotten Kevin Egan, not he them. Remembering thee, O Sion." When Joyce is bitter about the nationalism of Ireland we shall find that it is generally occasioned by a contempt for boastfulness, loud words, melodramatic gestures, such an intolerant attitude as that evinced by the

irate Citizen in Barney Kiernan's, for instance. Sentimentality is unendurable to Joyce; he will not accept it in any form. Bluster of any sort awakens a sharp impatient ridicule in the author and this is quickly evident in the first of the eight chapters which follow the Glasnevin scene. The action has shifted to the newspaper life of Dublin and to emphasize the journalistic impulse of this portion of "Ulysses" the author has frequently split the chapter up with newspaper heads. After the reader becomes accustomed to the unusualness of this procedure it is rather amusing. Through this chapter moves Bloom, placing an ad for Alexander Keyes (the whole chapter is not at all concerned solely with this business matter as Shane Leslie mistakenly asserted in the *Quarterly Review*), Stephen Dedalus with Mr. Deasy's letter about the hoof-and-mouth disease, and a host of new figures which reviewed in ensemble give a vivid and highly amusing picture of newspaper life in Dublin. There is the pundit, Professor MacHugh, and the editor of the *Telegraph*, Myles Crawford, "scarlet beaked face . . . comb of feathery hair," J. J. O'Malloy, Ned Lambert and Lenehan, most of

them based on actual Dublin personages. The gossip is rich here, as it shifts from petty scandals to Seymour Bushe, the silver-tongued lawyer, and the Phoenix Park murders where we have the first mention of "Skin-the-Goat" who is to play his small part in this day's happenings later on. The extraordinary realism of this newspaper-office conversation is unsurpassed by any extant work, a fact that will be vouched for by any newspaperman. It is obvious here that newspaper gossip is the same the world over. And the departure from this newspaper office is the same as all the world over—except in contemporary America. They all go to a pub. From this scene which is mainly objective, an arrangement of documentation, the action shifts to Bloom tramping idly about the streets. Again we have his unconnected thoughts as they are touched to existence by passing sights. He meets Mrs. Breen who informs him about the sad case of Mina Purefoy who is about to give birth to a child at the lying-in hospital on Holles Street. He drops into the Burton for lunch but is disgusted at the guzzling about him and departs to Davy Byrne's where he partakes sparingly

of food. Hundreds of apparently insignificant gestures, thoughts, and half-thoughts make up the bulk of this chapter. They are all there with a purpose, however. Slowly, inevitably, new facets of Bloom's mind become evident. His kindliness is revealed as he aids a blind stripling across the street. He even sights his wife's lover, Blazes Boylan, and makes it a point to avoid him. Eventually he lands at the Museum, not at all for an æsthetic purpose but for one quite natural to his rather matter-of-fact mind. By this time the streets of Dublin, the variegated life shifting to and fro, begins to make its impress on the reader. The city is steadily unfolding, stripping itself bare. It is time for a brief glance at the more intellectual life which exists in this milieu. So the action shifts back to the movements of Stephen Dedalus and we find him in the Library carrying on a literary discussion with George Russell (A. E.), John Eglinton, Richard Best, and others. This chapter is a triumph in itself whether or not one accepts the radical opinions on Shakespeare enunciated by Stephen.

Much is asked of its readers by this scene:

a familiarity with the currents of literary thought in the Dublin of 1904, an intimate knowledge of the figures who make up the intellectual life of the city. Similar to certain parts of Browning's work the author seems to take it for granted that his readers will instantly recognize the application of his remarks to entirely unexplained persons and undertakings. When he speaks of "young Starkey," for instance, how many people outside of Dublin will understand that he is referring to Seumas O'Sullivan? And yet all of these obscure references become in their culminating quantity the sure establishment of an atmosphere. Against this atmosphere looms the figure of Stephen Dedalus, deliberately separated from it by an integral loneliness of mind and a bitter arrogance. The talk slips to and fro and presently Stephen is launched upon his theory of Shakespeare's genius (the theory at which Buck Mulligan hinted to Haines the Englishman in the very first chapter of the book) while the others listen tolerantly, unconvinced. Shakespeare, seduced by the older woman who is to be his wife, sending a lordling to woo the dark lady

for him because he has lost faith in himself, is a victim of life, a tragic figure pictured in his own "Hamlet."

—The soul has been before stricken mortally, a poison poured in the porch of a sleeping ear. But those who are done to death in sleep cannot know the manner of their quell unless their Creator endow their souls with that knowledge in the life to come. The poisoning and the beast with two backs that urged it king Hamlet's ghost could not know of were he not endowed with knowledge by his creator. That is why the speech (his lean unlovely English) is always turned elsewhere, backward. Ravisher and ravished, what he would but would not, go with him from Lucrece's bluecircled ivory globes to Imogen's breast, bare, with its mole cinquespotted. He goes back, weary of the creation he has piled up to hide him from himself, an old dog licking an old sore. But, because loss is his gain, he passes on towards eternity in undiminished personality, untaught by the wisdom he has written or by the laws he has revealed. His beaver is up. He is a ghost, a shadow now, the wind by Elsinore's rocks or what you will, the sea's voice, a voice heard only in the heart of him who is the substance of his shadow, the son consubstantial with the father.

So the dissertation goes on, interrupted infrequently by the blithe bawdiness of Buck Mulligan who has entered during the height of Stephen's remarks. The scene reveals more than a theory

on Shakespeare; it also reveals the essential loneliness of Stephen. Here again he passes Bloom who comes to the library on a most commonplace errand. Indeed, the difference between the two men is evidenced by their objectives. Stephen has come to hold intellectual converse; Bloom arrives to look up back numbers of a newspaper and find the particular layout of an advertisement (the ubiquitous Keyes ad).

The intellectual portraits being completed Joyce now dives back into the very centre of Dublin life and the chapter which follows the library scene manifests itself as an astonishing edifice of verbal architecture. It is composed of a series of scenes through which walk dozens of figures but all of these scenes interlock. Phrases, sentences, sometimes single words are lifted from certain scenes and set down in the midst of others where they puzzle the reader until he understands that Joyce is attempting (and successfully, too) to represent that these scenes are generally parallel in point of time, that viewed from a god-like altitude all of them would partake of one another. This chapter is like a crazy-quilt without apparent purpose until a careful reading il-

lustrates how masterfully Joyce holds his extraordinary quantity of motifs in hand and restrainedly permits various notes to sound at opportune times. One might almost aver that Joyce orchestrates his prose here and that the result is a symphonic composition expressing the midday life of Dublin. Father Conmee, S. J., wandering placidly through Dublin, Corney Kelleher before his undertaking establishment, the younger Dedalus children in their squalid home, Blazes Boylan buying flowers (we may guess for whom), Bloom securing a book, "Sweets of Sin," for his wife, Stephen meeting his sister, Dilly, Mulligan and Haines in a refreshment shop, the viceregal procession starting forth, all these scenes interlock, dissolve into one another, reappear in fragments. An example of these photographs is to be found in the scene where Dilly Dedalus accosts her father and asks for money. It is, perhaps, not so much threaded with stray bits of the other parallel scenes as most of the sections but the sharp reader will note a slight hint of Mr. Kernan's activities which have been going on simultaneously and a mention of the viceregal cavalcade.

The lacquey by the door of Dillon's auctionrooms shook his handbell twice again and viewed himself in the chalked mirror of the cabinet.

Dilly Dedalus, listening by the curbstone, heard the beats of the bell, the cries of the auctioneer within. Four and nine. Those lovely curtains. Five shillings. Cosy curtains. Selling new at two guineas. Any advance on five shillings? Going for five shillings.

The lacquey lifted his handbell and shook it:

—Barang!

Bang of the lastlap bell spurred the halfmile wheelmen to their sprint. J. A. Jackson, W. E. Wylie, A. Munro and H. T. Gahan, their stretched necks wagging, negotiated the curve by the College Library.

Mr. Dedalus, tugging a long moustache, came round from Williams's row. He halted near his daughter.

—It's time for you, she said.

—Stand up straight for the love of the Lord Jesus, Mr. Dedalus said. Are you trying to imitate your uncle John the cornetplayer, head upon shoulders? Melancholy God!

Dilly shrugged her shoulders. Mr. Dedalus placed his hands on them and held them back.

—Stand up straight, girl, he said. You'll get curvature of the spine. Do you know what you look like?

He let his head sink suddenly down and forward, hunching his shoulders and dropping his underjaw.

—Give it up, father, Dilly said. All the people are looking at you.

Mr. Dedalus drew himself upright and tugged again at his moustache.

—Did you get any money? Dilly asked.

—Where would I get money? Mr. Dedalus said.

There is no-one in Dublin would lend me fourpence.

—You got some, Dilly said, looking in his eyes.

—How do you know that? Mr. Dedalus asked, his tongue in his cheek.

Mr. Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked, walked boldly along James's street.

—I know you did, Dilly answered. Were you in the Scotch house now?

—I was not then, Mr. Dedalus said, smiling. Was it the little nuns taught you to be so saucy? Here.

He handed her a shilling.

—See if you can do anything with that, he said.

—I suppose you got five, Dilly said. Give me more than that.

—Wait awhile, Mr. Dedalus said threateningly. You're like the rest of them, are you? An insolent pack of little bitches since your poor mother died. But wait awhile. You'll all get a short shrift and a long day from me. Low blackguardism! I'm going to get rid of you. Wouldn't care if I was stretched out stiff. He's dead. The man upstairs is dead.

He left her and walked on. Dilly followed quickly and pulled his coat.

—Well, what is it? he asked, stopping.

The lacquey rang his bell behind their backs.

—Barang!

—Curse your bloody blatant soul, Mr. Dedalus cried, turning on him.

The lacquey, aware of comment, shook the lolling clapper of his bell: but feebly:

—Bang!

Mr. Dedalus stared at him.

—Watch him, he said. It's instructive. I wonder will he allow us to talk?

—You got more than that, father, Dilly said.

—I'm going to show you a little trick, Mr. Dedalus said. I'll leave you all where Jesus left the jews. Look, that's all I have. I got two shillings from Jack Power and I spent twopence for a shave for the funeral.

He drew forth a handful of copper coins nervously.

—Can't you look for some money somewhere? Dilly said.

Mr. Dedalus thought and nodded.

—I will, he said gravely. I looked all along the gutter in O'Connell street. I'll try this one now.

—You're very funny, Dilly said, grinning.

—Here, Mr. Dedalus said, handing her two pennies. Get a glass of milk for yourself and a bun or a something. I'll be home shortly.

He put the other coins in his pocket and started to walk on.

The viceregal cavalcade passed, greeted by obsequious policemen, out of Parkgate.

—I'm sure you have another shilling, Dilly said.

The lacquey banged loudly.

Mr. Dedalus amid the din walked off, murmuring to himself with a pursing mincing mouth:

—The little nuns! Nice little things! O, sure they wouldn't do anything! O, sure they wouldn't really! Is it little sister Monica!

Of such scenes as this is the chapter fashioned, there are nineteen sections in all, and, taken to-

gether, they afford a vividly compact illumination of the background against which Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom travel throughout this single day. Certain motifs are threaded through this material in the most amusing fashion, several of them continuing on through the greater part of the book. There is the viceregal cavalcade, for instance, which passes practically all of these groups of Dublin cits. Then there are the five sandwich-board men, H. E. L. Y.'S printed letter by letter on their five high hats, who peregrinate through the streets during the day, gravely marching across the stage in chapter after chapter. And the blind stripling, tapping his way to the piano to be tuned which shall later enter the action, is another thread by which the scattered action is deftly stitched together. It is the excessive attention to meticulous detail which stuns the reader at first and until he adjusts his mind to the parallel acceptance of a dozen differing threads of action he is bound to be rather at sea. Joyce might be likened to a charioteer driving twenty horses abreast, all of the reins converging to his hands. It is a fictional construction

which has never been attempted before but which is not in the least tentative as Joyce handles it. It responds readily to his direction.

By the time this chapter is finished practically every character to appear in the book has been indicated and more or less developed. An entire community has passed in review before the reader, in an unconscious review, every one being immersed in his own particular foibles or interests. Although some of these personages are but brief spots on the huge canvas it is not wise to absolutely forget them for afterward in the *Walpurgisnacht* scene, distorted and almost abstract in their properties, they reappear again to dance madly through the insane carnival whose stage is sometimes the drunken imagination of Stephen, the intoxicated brain of Bloom, or a demoniac limbo where Joyce flings all the writhing beings, thoughts, impulses, and movements of the book in a gesticulating heap.

4

Four astonishing scenes, each one a differentiated achievement even in point of style, remain,

however, before the *Walpurgisnacht* scene is reached. In three of them (the happenings at the Ormond Hotel, the quarrel in Barney Kiernan's pub and the Nausikaa-Gerty MacDowell episode) the interest is centred on Bloom and his reactions to the very deepest emotions. The last scene (enacted in the lying-in hospital on Holles Street) brings Bloom and Stephen actually together for the first time and sets them on the road to the Irish Brocken. Here we witness both men set in juxtaposition to one another. The episodic treatment of material ceases with the advent of these chapters and it will be observed that the matter which follows is developed lengthily albeit with many queer twirks and amazing experiments in unusual prose-forms. The Ormond Hotel scene, for instance, opens with a sort of prelude, a prefiguring of all that is to follow in this scene by the setting-down of ejaculations and half-formed phrases selected from the body of prose that follows. It is, of course, quite meaningless until the chapter has been digested. Then it obviously resolves itself into a sort of Wagnerian introduction of motifs. "Bronze by gold

heard the hoofirons, steelyringing," (the opening line of this prelude) is cadenced and intriguing but it is impossible to comprehend it as the simple statement that the bronze-haired Miss Douce and the gold-haired Miss Kennedy (bar-maids at the Ormond) heard the horses' hoofs of the viceregal cavalcade passing through the street until one has read the chapter. It is so with the other lines in this prelude.

Much happens in this scene. The usual bar-gathering (what would a Joyce chapter be without the atmosphere of a pub somehow evident?) includes the deep-voiced Ben Dollard, Simon Dedalus, Lenehan, Father Cowley, and George Lidwell. Even Blazes Boylan, on his way to the appointment with Marion Tweedy Bloom (an episode that hangs like a thundercloud over Bloom's day) appears for a moment's flirtation with one of the bar-maids. The gossip and scandal is flung back and forth by mouths dexterous in this calling. Bloom and Richie Goulding (a relative of the dead mother of Stephen Dedalus, by the way) eat their meal in the dining room and for an interval we gaze deeply into the

very nature of the Dublin Jew. The voices singing in the next room awaken thoughts in his mind which he can hardly grasp.

The harping chords of prelude closed. A chord long-drawn, expectant drew a voice away.

—*When first I saw that form endearing.*

Richie turned.

—Si Dedalus' voice, he said.

Braintipped, cheek touched with flame, they listened feeling that flow endearing flow over skin limbs human heart soul spine. Bloom signed to Pat, bald Pat is a waiter hard of hearing, to set ajar the door of the bar. The door of the bar. So. That will do. Pat, waiter, waited, waiting to hear, for he was hard of hear by the door.

—*Sorrow from me seemed to depart.*

Through the hush of air a voice sang to them, low, not rain, not leaves in murmur, like no voice of strings of reeds or whatdoyoucallthem dulcimers, touching their still ears with words, still hearts of their each his remembered lives. Good, good to hear: sorrow from them each seemed to from both depart when first they heard. When first they saw, lost Richie, Poldy, mercy of beauty, heard from a person wouldn't expect it in the least, her first merciful lovesoft oftloved word.

Love that is singing: love's old sweet song. Bloom unwound slowly the elastic band in his pocket. Love's old sweet *sonnez la* gold. Bloom wound a skein round four forkfingers stretched it, relaxed, and wound it round his troubled double, fourfold, in octave, gyved them fast.

The slight incoherencies evident in this passage are obviously an attempt to picture Bloom's slightly incoherent emotionalism upon hearing the song in the next room. It is to the flow of this prose that we witness him sitting a bit mournfully, slightly wretched, distantly troubled, as the melody proceeds. Various hints are given the reader of the reason for this troubled feeling. Every now and then the jangling motif of the jaunting car bearing Blazes Boylan to Mrs. Bloom rises above the curling stream of consciousness. But Bloom is at heart a tolerant fatalist. The music may remind him of his lost son, Rudy, but it cannot stir him to any passion. "He bore no hate. Hate. Love. Those are names. Rudy. Soon I am old." The entire action here is threaded with melody. It pulses with the unspoken emotion of music. It brings Bloom closer to the elemental nakedness of his own spirit than he had been heretofore during the day. But the time has not quite come for him to step from out the prison of his middle-class purposelessness.

Above all things one must not fall into the inclination to romanticize or sentimentalize

Bloom. It is true that he arouses sympathy but it is awakened by a sort of tacit understanding of his matter-of-fact humanity. The sentimentalist is bound to come a series of severe croppers if he begins to apply the traditional scale of emotional values to Bloom. Progress may be safely made for a few paragraphs or even a few pages at times but the awkward moment implacably occurs when Bloom experiences some bawdy thought or falls lamentably from the plane upon which he has been placed and so wrecks the appealing sentimental scaffolding which has been so naturally erected. Life itself is the precedent for such a development, of course. No man or woman is unalterably appealing; moments inevitably occur that are small, disgusting, the results of mental limitations and the frailty of flesh. Viewed with a large tolerance Bloom, however, is more sympathetic than revolting. He is the limited intellect of man progressing dubiously through a world that is, for him, essentially one of flesh and the five senses. Because these awkward moments occur when his congenital animalism frankly and spontaneously reveals it-

self Bloom is bound to startle those readers who have reached a circumscribed maturity hedged by the thousand-and-one conventions of reticences and ethical concepts.

Yet undoubted moments do occur when the sympathies and almost the affections of his readers lift Bloom to a higher plane than usual. Such a moment is that to be found in the quarrel in Barney Kiernan's public house where Bloom is attacked by the irate Citizen, an unnamed character who seems to be a mingling of the Irish aborigine, the swashbucklerism of the Clan na Gael, and the principles of Sinn Fein carried to a ludicrous extreme. In this chapter several prose styles are intermixed. The actual tale of Bloom's misfortune is told in the rich colloquial language of a bar hanger-on and various aspects of the situation are emphasized and satirized by the introduction of paragraphs written in a stilted, mock-heroic manner and sometimes in a ridiculous journalese. Bloom has gone to Barney Kiernan's to meet Martin Cunningham with whom he is to talk over the matter of the late Paddy Dignam's insurance. The usual public-house group is there

gathered and the usual conversation, sometimes bawdy and often profane, goes its surprisingly natural course. The Citizen is accompanied by a huge nondescript dog ("Growling and grousing and his eye all bloodshot from the drouth is in it and the hydrophobia dropping out of his jaws") which appears to concentrate his brooding mind on the possible mouthful of a part of somebody's leg. The talk shifts back and forth covering all sorts of topics including the day's races with the Citizen constantly thrusting forth his 100 per cent. Irishism.

—Some people, says Bloom, can see the mote in others' eyes but they can't see the beam in their own.

—*Raimeis*, says the citizen. There's no-one as blind as the fellow that won't see, if you know what that means. Where are our missing twenty millions of Irish should be here to-day instead of four, our lost tribes? And our potteries and textiles, the finest in the whole world! And our wool that was sold in Rome in the time of Juvenal and our flax and our damask from the looms of Antrim and our Limerick lace, our tanneries and our white flint glass down there by Ballybough and our Huguenot poplin that we have since Jacquard de Lyon and our woven silk and our Foxford tweeds and ivory raised point from the Carmelite convent in New Ross, nothing like it in the whole wide world. Where are the Greek merchants that came

through the pillars of Hercules, the Gibraltar now grabbed by the foe of mankind, with gold and Tyrian purple to sell in Wexford at the fair of Carmen? Read Tacitus and Ptolemy, even Giraldus Cambrensis. Wine, peltries, Connemara marble, silver from Tipperary, second to none, our far-famed horses even to-day, the Irish hobbies, with King Philip of Spain offering to pay customs duties for the right to fish in our waters. What do the yellowjohns of Anglia owe us for our ruined trade and our ruined hearths? And the beds of the Barrow and Shannon they won't deepen with millions of acres of marsh and bog to make us all die of consumption.

—As treeless as Portugal we'll be soon, says John Wyse, or Heligoland with its one tree if something is not to reafforest the land. Larches, firs, all the trees of the conifer family are going fast. I was reading a report of Lord Castletown's . . .

—Save them, says the citizen, the giant ash of Galway and the chieftain elm of Kildare with a fortyfoot bole and an acre of foliage. Save the trees of Ireland for the future men of Ireland on the fair hills of Eire O.

The discussion proceeds with Bloom reserved, gently compromising, politic, smoothing the ruffled waters as best he might while the Citizen, fortified by plenteous potfuls grows more and more irate gradually concentrating his spleen on the innocent Jew. The conflagration flares up after Bloom has collected a racing bet and

thriftily abstained from standing a round of drinks. Martin Cunningham, Jack Power and Crofton hurry Bloom out of the pub and onto a jaunting car while the Citizen, bawling oaths at the top of his voice, makes for an empty biscuitcan.

And says he [Bloom]:

—Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And the Savior was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God.

—He had no father, says Martin. That'll do now. Drive ahead.

—Whose God! says the citizen.

—Well, his uncle was a jew, says he. Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew like me.

Gob, the citizen made a plunge back into the shop.

—By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will. Give us that biscuitbox here.

. . . . . .

Gob, the devil wouldn't stop him till he got hold of the bloody tin anyhow and out with him and little Alf hanging on to his elbow and he shouting like a stuck pig, as good as any bloody play, in the Queen's royal theatre.

—Where is he till I murder him?

And Ned and J. G. paralysed with the laughing.

—Bloody wars, says I, I'll be in for the last gospel.

But as luck would have it the jarvey got the nag's head round the other way and off with him.

—Hold on, citizen, says Joe. Stop!

Begob he drew his hand and made a swipe and let fly. Mercy of God the sun was in his eyes or he'd have left him for dead. Gob, he near sent it into the county Longford. The bloody nag took fright and the old mongrel after the car like bloody hell and all the populace shouting and laughing and the old tinbox clattering along the street.

This scene, of course, runs parallel to the Cyclops incident in Homer's Odyssey. The citizen with the sun in his eyes flinging the old biscuit tin is Polyphemus, blinded by a torch, hurling the tip of a mountain after the fleeing Ulysses.

Although Bloom comes off in a sorry light as regards personal valor he yet retains the sympathies of his readers and there is a moment's intense concern for him in spite of the broadly comical manner in which the bar hanger-on relates the story. The satire here is chiefly directed against the blood-and-thunder, tare-and-ounds citizen who bellows so loudly. A certain type of Irishman is portrayed here (possibly with some exaggeration) and it is easy to arrive at the conviction that Joyce is not particularly stirred by swashbuckling unreasoning patriotism. It is in-

teresting to note that as Bloom is profanely attacked by a professional Irishman in this scene so later on in the *Walpurgisnacht* scene is Stephen attacked by a professional Britisher (Private Carr) and it is above the prostrate body of the poet that the high moment in the book comes. Indeed, in some aspects life runs parallel for these two exiles although, of course, on differing planes.

The chapter which follows the incident with the Cyclops-Citizen possesses a scandalous interest as well as an extremely important illustration of Bloom's nature. It contains the Nausikaa-Gerty MacDowell episode which, appearing in the *Little Review* originally, subjected that magazine to the tyranny of the American Society for the Suppression of Vice and abruptly ended the serialization of "Ulysses" in the United States. It is difficult to follow the twistings of those official minds which agreed that this episode was pornographic. It is frank (for a brief moment rather startlingly so) and a sexual incident is attributed to Bloom which (while most natural) has never before been exploited in English fiction, so far as I know. But the chapter is not porno-

graphic. A serious purpose informs it. There is even a strange beauty implicit here. But more than the beauty is the effect on Bloom's mind of the naïve exhibitionism of the hardly matured Gerty MacDowell. Bloom is essentially carnal but no more so than the average man in the street unless we allow for a certain suppressed imaginativeness which threads his faintly oriental mind. And Gerty MacDowell, overfed on trashy novels of a romantic order, is as normal as any other girl. The situation for her is an isolated one, a vibrant moment when the Earth-Spirit dominates her. Invisible tentacles of sex wind about her and she is shameless with the frank shamelessness of the young animal-spirit. For a brief while her blood is agitated by the mysterious urge of Gea, the Earth-Mother. But it is a broken spell, one that does not last. To observe the full, lusty, rich approximation of Gea we must wait until the very last chapter in the book, that astonishing edifice of smoothly running thought wherein Marion Tweedy Bloom empties the deepest hollows of her dark, sensual consciousness.

As for Bloom the perception of Gerty MacDowell's hesitating carnality is quickened by the

natural feeling of loneliness and injustice which must have been his after the humiliating episode at Barney Kiernan's public house. It has been evident before that Bloom slips easily into sentimentalities and there is no reason in this case why this weakness of moral discipline might not have accelerated his response to the Sandymount Nausikaa's visual appeal to the senses.

The chapter is admirable as a work of art. The first half is written in a slightly veiled imitation of the romantic novels upon which Gerty must have nurtured her limited mentality. Vague bombast asserts itself time and again but Joyce is content not to carry the parody too far. He does not go to the length which he is to adopt in the chapter which is to follow. Instead of this there are frequent stretches when the parody hardly makes itself manifest. The latter portion of the chapter, wherein is pictured Bloom's reactions to the incident, is marked by a return to the short, ejaculatory musings of the Jew. The reader is back upon familiar ground here. Bloom is still rather matter-of-fact, slightly vulgarizing the sensations which he cannot quite grasp but which

we feel assuredly animate him. Constantly creeping through his half-formed thoughts is an intimation of loneliness, of separation from all that he sees and undergoes. Life is filled with mysteries and unanswered questions, many of which, we may be sure, he does not consciously realize. Most of them are concentred in a vague undefinable unrest which carries him along, well-meaning but rather dubious, into the evening.

Stephen, who has disappeared from the action for some time, reappears in the next chapter, the scene of which is laid in the Holles Street lying-in hospital. Here, at last, the two major figures actually meet and sit down in the same room. Bloom comes to inquire the result of Mina Purefoy's accouchement and Stephen is there to gossip with the medical students who apparently make the place their lounging resort. At a first glance the chapter appears almost impossible to read for it is formed from a series of parodies of English styles in writing. The range extends from Anglo-Saxon to the forceful prose of Thomas Carlyle with occasional dips into bombastic journalese. There is no question but that this

involved method of writing frequently trips the comprehension of its readers and diverts the attention from the subject in hand to the method by which it is attained. For some people it is quite possible that the subject will never be quite clear. This is the one chapter in the book which, it seems, to me has not been badly handled but over-handled. Joyce has put too much into it. It did not deserve all this elaborately conscious composition. The parodies as parodies, however, are excellent enough and they display the extreme skill which the author possesses in adjusting his mind to the formulæ of other artists in prose. After one has dipped into them sheer delight at the artistry involved should serve to carry the attention along. As for the action itself it is simple. For the most part it is extraordinarily entertaining albeit bawdy conversation. The portraits continue, Bloom as deprecatingly ameliorative and Stephen as arrogantly individual as ever. Mulligan is there with his usual extravagant jests. Other students and young doctors and even a nurse or two swell the chorus. There is drinking, many stories, and, eventually, the successful delivery of a child by Mina Purefoy

brings the chapter to a mild climax. The prose grows more and more incoherent as the group become more drunk and finally they depart for nighttown. The evening has come.

It is difficult to look back across this day without amazement at the marvellous ingenuity and assiduous realism of the author. He has apparently left no stone unturned in Dublin, no scandal unexploited, no important personage ignored. Nothing has been left unsaid. It is all there to take or to leave as the reader will. Rabelais is pale beside it and is due to grow much paler before the drunken evening has played its course. The *Satyricon* is the work of a child (an obscene child) placed beside it. And two characters have been created to the last brief touch of the creator. By this time, the reader knows Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom better than he knows any friend or relative. Their minds have been absolutely emptied out to the last dirty lees. Not a thought, not even the shadow of a thought has been left unrevealed. There is not a rag of mystery to cover either Bloom or Stephen. Together with these two astonishing creations (certainly the most complete in the en-

tire history of literature) go dozens of slighter portraits, some of them briefly etched but all of them of the most extreme vitality. It now remains for Joyce to fling this entire community into the *Walpurgisnacht* which all critics agree is the most brilliant achievement in this book.

VI

1

The long chapter in dramatic dialogue which closes the second part of "Ulysses" has been dubbed Joyce's *Walpurgisnacht* by other critics and for the sake of convenience I have carried on the title. It is succinct and it does give a vague idea of the unearthly passions and the externalizations of sheer ideas which make up this monstrous spectacle, an achievement which Mr. J. Middleton Murry declares to be strictly comparable in genius with the work of Goethe or Dostoevski and which Mr. Arnold Bennett affirms "will easily bear comparison with Rabelais at his fantastical finest; it leaves Petronius out of sight." Most of the critics appear to concentre on the second (popularly known as the "classical") *Walpurgisnacht* in "Faust" for their comparisons. For my own part I choose the first *Walpurgisnacht*

which comes near the end of the first part of "Faust" and is placed on the Brocken in the Hartz Mountains. Even here, however, I find the resemblance to Joyce's scene slight and rather general in character. Certain moments do stand out and the most obvious is that one where Faust sees the wraith of Marguerite passing amidst the hellish rout of witches and cries out that she has the eyes of a corpse. To both Bloom and Stephen the wraiths of dead relatives rise before their drink-befogged eyes. In all three cases an obsession pricked to existence by conscience (agenbite of inwit) is making itself visible. These situations, however, are but superficially parallel. Goethe is less extravagant than Joyce; he does not handle his properties and personages with the mad gusto which Joyce undeniably injects into his insane, indecent revels. The vast difference between the two men is apparent in the actual figures introduced and satirized by the writers. Goethe's satire, for the most part, is delivered in an obvious symbolism which culminates in the "Traum" play which closes his *Walpurgisnacht*. Here such people as Nicolai the rationalist, Mieding, the Weimar Theatre decorator, Stolberg,

Hennings and, perhaps, Lavater (his presence is still disputed) are disposed of in neat epigrammatic quatrains. Joyce, on the other hand, flings the whole of Dublin into his chapter, exaggerating and perverting their various qualities and personalities until they become gross caricatures of themselves. It becomes more terrible than an opium dream at times but it is always co-ordinated and not so extravagant as to be beyond the comprehensions of readers. By the way, the most intelligent summary of this scene which I have read in print was that furnished by Mr. Gilbert Seldes to the New York *Nation* of August 30, 1922.

Now just what is this *Walpurgisnacht* scene? It is a carnival of the brain, the emotions, the unspoken desires and inclinations, the concealed perversions which race through the consciences and sub-consciences of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom. It is a mixture of actual happenings, of actual happenings seen through drunken eyes and so exaggerated out of all perspective, and of the deliberate externalization and monstrous perversion of abstract ideas by the author. These three elements are flung helter-skelter into a whirling pool of existence that darts

beyond time and space and matter whenever the will of the author so pleases. Real flesh and blood characters move and have their being in this scabrous nighttown of Dublin, in the brothels, and, side by side with them, mingling, holding converse, are visualized figments of the mind and inflamed imaginations. Stephen Dedalus retains his entity throughout but Bloom, more incoherent in his cerebral adjustions and weaker in intellectual intensity and concentration, time after time changes into visualizations of the thoughts which rush across his befuddled mind. All that he has desired or dreaded or dreamt or been fascinated or revolted by takes him and colors him chameleon-like. He becomes a squire of dames, a prisoner in court, Lord Mayor of Dublin, an Emperor, an Irish emigrant, a woman, anything that pops into his mind, anything that is suggested by the most chance remark or situation. The whole day rushes back across his helpless mind, all the people he has met, all the gossip he has heard, all the thoughts which had passed across his consciousness. In astonishing garb and blasphemous attitudes all these half-digested morsels of observation and subconscious reception dart

out of his brain, spurting about like bits of colored glass from a smashed kaleidoscope. Part of this is occasioned by the same pathological principle which causes a victim of delirium tremens to see snakes. The rest is the result of Joyce's extravagant imagination.

Treading this mad imbroglio is a coherent scheme of actual action which often loses itself in some unbelievable situation only to reappear farther on and progress toward the natural end of the drunken orgy. Slowly we witness the percolation into Bloom's mind of the lonely status of Stephen Dedalus and his self-assumed guardianship of that tortured, imagination-inflamed poet. The sonless father is approaching the fatherless son. And yet it would not be wise to emphasize this situation too much. It is more implicit than directly developed. We sense the kinship there and for one moment near the close of the scene we behold it as an actuality but it is postulated, for the most part, in an indirect, almost reticent manner. Indeed, we are never quite certain what Stephen's real thoughts are concerning Bloom. We must take them for granted and be satisfied that there is

nothing manifestly against the assumption that the younger man has sensed a curious kinship between himself and the Jew. Bloom's attitude is more specific. We do know that he has seen the vision of his little dead son over the prostrate body of Stephen.

2

The introduction to this *Walpurgisnacht* scene, the setting of the stage, is a triumph in the art of briefly indicating an atmosphere which is to lower over the entire action. In the first place, it must be emphasized that this chapter is essentially realistic in spite of the monstrous perversions of thoughts which raise the chapter to such astonishing madness. For the most part it is actuality seen through a drunken haze by two men. The alcoholic fog distorts the images both of the eyes and of the mind but this does not predicate that the result is not realism. Life is a madness to troubled minds that are drunk enough. Space and time and objects are distorted and flung into differing shapes from their concrete resemblances. Ideas do take form and walk about. After all, there is a higher realism than that of the camera

and while it may be difficult to accept it at first a little consideration will show that any description which exposes the *essentiality* of a thing is realism. It is certainly not romanticism nor symbolism nor reticent naturalism. It is a distinguished realist who sets his stage as follows:

(*The Mabbot street entrance of nighttown, before which stretches an uncobbled tramsiding set with skeleton tracks, red and green will-o'-the-wisps and danger signals. Rows of flimsey houses with gaping doors. Rare lamps with faint rainbow fans. Round Rabaiotti's halted ice gondola stunted men and women squabble. They grab wafers between which are wedged lumps of coal and copper snow. Sucking, they scatter slowly. Children. The swancomb of the gondola, highreared, forges on through the murk, white and blue under a lighthouse. Whistles call and answer.*)

THE CALLS

Wait, my love, and I'll be with you.

THE ANSWERS

Round behind the stable.

(*A deafmute idiot with goggle eyes, his shapeless mouth dribbling, jerks past, shaken in Saint Vitus' dance. A chain of children's hands imprisons him.*)

THE CHILDREN

Kithogue! Salute!

THE IDIOT

(*Lifts a palsied left arm and gurgles*) Grhahute!

THE CHILDREN

Where's the great light?

THE IDIOT

(*Gobbling.*) Ghaghahest.

(*They release him. He jerks on. A pigmy woman swings on a rope slung between the railings, counting. A form sprawled against a dustbin and muffled by its arm and hat moves, groans, grinding growling teeth, and snores again. On a step a gnome totting among a rubbishtip crouches to shoulder a sack of rags and bones. A crone standing by with a smoky oil lamp rams the last bottle in the maw of his sack. He heaves his booty, tugs askew his peaked cap and hobbles off mutely. The crone makes back for her lair swaying her lamp. A bandy child, asquat on the doorstep with a paper-shuttlecock, crawls sidling after her in spurts, clutches her skirt, scrambles up. A drunken navvy grips with both hands the railings of an area, lurching heavily. At a corner two night watch in shoulder capes, their hands upon their staffholsters loom tall. A plate crashes; a woman screams; a child wails. Oaths of a man roar, mutter, cease. Figures wander,*

lurk, peer from warrens. In a room lit by a candle stuck in a bottleneck a slut combs out the tatts from the hair of a scrofulous child. Cissy Caffrey's voice, still young, sings shrill from a lane.)

It is into this squalid hell that Stephen and Bloom progress by a natural round of pubs from the Holles Street lying-in hospital. Stephen, accompanied by Lynch, marches along joyfully drunk, his ashplant held high before him, chanting the introit for paschal time. Bloom enters a little later clutching a lukewarm pig's crubeen in one hand and a cold sheep's trotter in the other. It will be remembered that in Homer Odysseus entered the underworld, the land of the Kimmerians, bearing sheep for sacrifice and, of course, there is a slight analogy here. This scene has already been likened to Goethe's *Walpurgisnacht* but it is manifest, if we are to believe Valery Larbaud, that Joyce meant it to be a modern rendering of Odysseus in the land of the dead. The kinship is not particularly evident, however. It is true that at one place in Joyce's chapter Bloom is surrounded by various Dublin women much as Odysseus was surrounded by the Greek women, the matrons who had died. He also

meets the Dublin heroes although not at all in the same way that Odysseus met his compatriots in arms. So slight is the resemblance here that it seems unnecessary to linger regarding it.

The chapter has progressed some distance before Bloom and Stephen become members of a single party in the brothel of Mrs. Bella Cohen on Tyrone Street. During the interim the action is wholly concerned with Bloom, his intoxicated peregrinations through the streets where he is almost run down by a sandstrewer, and the drunken visions that constantly appear and dissolve before his eyes. His suicide father, his wife, Gerty MacDowell, Mrs. Denis Breen (Josie Powell that was), practically all the characters that crossed his path or memory during the day, appear and hold converse with him. We can learn much about Bloom by observing the vagaries which his mind summons up but nothing which can displace our already-formulated opinions concerning his nature. His sentimentality is evident in the rococo and stilted romanticism of many of his visions, pictures that would seem to have drawn the best part of their color from the perusal of a cheap and flamboyant type of

fiction. The young harlot, Zoe, who eventually leads him to Mrs. Cohen's house, becomes an Eastern odalisque to his uncertain eyes. The midnight chimes ring out and Bloom's romantic fancy translates him into a Lord Mayor before whom great pomp is enacted. Bishops and city fathers parade before him. John Howard Parnell hails him as the successor to his brother. A mad riot of perverted and outlandish gorgeousness whirls through the Jew's mind and all this would seem to take but a few minutes of actual time for, quite abruptly again, he is talking with Zoe and eventually is led by her into the brothel.

There are two sorts of imagination evinced by Bloom and Stephen in this scene. Bloom's limited mind immediately takes the literal color and shape of the thoughts and images which dance through his befuddled consciousness. He travels, as it were, no farther than the image itself yet his sensitiveness is positive enough to unquestionably become that thing. There is no higher reasoning, no philosophical or religious nuances to the moment. It is, for the most part, a physical wallowing in drunken absurdities, a helter-skelter journey through an insane land of

the imagination where all his thwarted propensities, potential liberations from the narrow rut of his days, blunted spiritual fumblings, and limited comprehensions assert themselves with a crude emphasis. Bloom has his moments when he is startled by mystery behind the incoherent adjustments of his reasoning powers and instincts but they are brief and soon whirled away.

Stephen is different. The sharp whip of alcohol does throw him into a new world but it is a world which is but the dark reverse of that cerebral existence wherein he passes his days. His reasoning faculties continue to function but, naturally enough, on a higher plane than those of Bloom. He can still view the world about him with a certain condescension and not be dragged unreasonably into it. His mind is a bulwark and although as the evening wears on his physical faculties become so numbed as to make him absolutely helpless in the face of brutality he yet retains the superiority of the martyr. Indeed, as time goes on Stephen becomes more and more under the influence of liquor which arouses his obsessions. Bloom, on the other hand, begins to sober up soon after the obscene wallowings in

filth which were aroused by the advent of Mrs. Bella Cohen. At no time does Stephen sink to this depth of sheer animalism; his mind halts upon a more terrible altitude. With the clearing of his mind Bloom begins to view Stephen with a paternal eye. He watches out for him, makes sure that the harlots do not fleece him of his few shillings, even suggests food for him. The evening passes (the evening that "will find itself") and Stephen swings into a mad dance with the harlots to the tune of "My girl's a Yorkshire girl." It is at the high point of this feverish dance that the first great climax in the chapter occurs.

(The couples fall aside. Stephen whirls giddily. Rooms whirls back. Eyes closed, he totters. Red rails fly spacewards. Stars all around suns turn roundabout. Bright midges dance on wall. He stops dead.)

STEPHEN

Ho!

(Stephen's mother, emaciated, rises stark through the floor in leper grey with a wreath of faded orange blossoms and a torn bridal veil, her face worn and noseless, green with grave mould. Her hair is scant and lank. She fixes bluecircled hollow eyesockets on Stephen and opens her

toothless mouth uttering a silent word. A choir of virgins and confessors sing noiselessly.)

THE CHOIR

Liliata rutilantium te confessorum . . .
Jubilantium te virginum . . .

(*From the top of a tower Buck Mulligan, in parti-colored jester's dress of puce and yellow and clown's cap with curling bell, stands gaping at her, a smoking buttered split scone in his hand.*)

BUCK MULLIGAN

She's beastly dead. The pity of it! Mulligan meets the afflicted mother. (*He upturns his eyes.*) Mercurial Malachi.

THE MOTHER

(*With the subtle smile of death's madness.*) I was once the beautiful May Goulding. I am dead.

STEPHEN

(*Horrorstruck.*) Lemur, who are you? What bogeyman's trick is this?

BUCK MULLIGAN

(*Shakes his curling capbell.*) The mockery of it! Kinch killed her dogsbody bitchbody. She kicked the bucket. (*Tears of molten butter fall from his eyes into the scone.*) Our great sweet mother! *Epi oinopa ponton.*

THE MOTHER

(*Comes nearer, breathing upon him softly her breath*

of wetted ashes.) All must go through it, Stephen. More women than men in the world. You too. Time will come.

STEPHEN

(*Choking with fright, remorse and horror.*) They said I killed you, mother. He offended your memory. Cancer did it, not I. Destiny.

THE MOTHER

(*A green rill of bile trickling from a side of her mouth.*) You sang that song to me. *Love's bitter mystery.*

STEPHEN

(*Eagerly.*) Tell me the word, mother, if you know now. The word known to all men.

THE MOTHER

Who saved you the night you jumped into the train at Dalkey with Paddy Lee? Who had pity for you when you were sad among the strangers? Prayer is all powerful. Prayer for the suffering souls in the Ursuline manual, and forty days indulgence. Repent, Stephen.

STEPHEN

The ghoul! Hyena!

THE MOTHER

I pray for you in my other world. Get Dilly to make you that boiled rice every night after your brain

work. Years and years I loved you, O my son, my firstborn, when you lay in my womb.

ZOE

(*Fanning herself with the gratefan*) I'm melting!

FLORRY

(*Points to Stephen.*) Look! He's white.

BLOOM

(*Goes to the window to open it more.*) Giddy.

THE MOTHER

(*With smoldering eyes.*) Repent! O, the fire of hell!

STEPHEN

(*Panting,*) The corpsechewer! Raw head and bloody bones!

THE MOTHER

(*Her face drawing near and nearer, sending out an ashen breath.*) Beware! (*She raises her blackened, withered right arm slowly towards Stephen's breast with outstretched fingers.*) Beware! God's hand! (*A green crab with malignant red eyes sticks deep its grinning claws in Stephen's heart.*)

STEPHEN

(*Strangled with rage.*) Shite! (*His features grow drawn and grey and old.*)

It is at this point that "Ulysses" indelibly

rises into a high plane of tragedy. It is a spiritual tragedy based upon an obsession and it is manifest that no such terrible moment could have been reached had not the chief protagonist (Stephen) been entirely colored, mind and spirit, with the religion that looms behind practically every word and gesture and thought which the poet experiences. A moment later Stephen lifts his ashplant and smashes the chandelier ("Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry") and rushes from the brothel into the night. From this moment until the end of the chapter the action is swift and serious. The tone of bantering, of licentious ridicule and mockery ceases not to be resumed until Bloom has safely piloted Stephen to "Skin-the-Goat's" cabman's shelter. The evening has found itself in a drunken orgy that approaches tragedy and, indeed, does touch that pinnacle for a brief instant, but it is inconclusive. Nothing is settled; nothing is explained for all time. It is all as inconclusive as life is inconclusive. After all, nothing begins and ends abruptly. Existence is a continued affair. In all of Joyce's books there have

been no complete settlements; the action has gone on in space beyond the reader's knowledge. It was true of the sketches in "Dubliners," of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and of "Exiles." So is it particularly true of "Ulysses" wherein an entire community pursues its variegated antics as a background for two massive creations. How could there be an end or any settlement?

There is a moment's spiritual triumph, a brief but intense climax in this day for Leopold Bloom, however. It comes almost immediately after Stephen has witnessed the wraith of his dead mother in the brothel begging him to repent and go back into the arms of that church which had formed his mind and brought him to his highly-cerebrated maturity. Bloom, following Stephen from the brothel, finds him in argument with two British soldiers, both drunk. Private Carr asserts that Stephen has accosted Cissy Caffrey.

PRIVATE CARR

(*With ferocious articulation.*) I'll do him in, so help me —— Christ! I'll wring the —— ——'s —— —— —— windpipe!

OLD GUMMY GRANNY

(*Thrusts a dagger towards Stephen's hand.*) Remove him, acushla. At 8.35 A. M. you will be in heaven and Ireland will be free. (*She prays.*) O good God, take him!

BLOOM

(*Runs to Lynch.*) Can't you get him away?

LYNCH

He likes dialectic, the universal language. Kitty! (*To Bloom.*) Get him away, you. He won't listen to me.

(*He drags Kitty away.*)

STEPHEN

(*Points.*) *Exit Judas. Et laqueo se suspendit.*

BLOOM

(*Runs to Stephen.*) Come along with me now before worse happens. Here's your stick.

STEPHEN

Stick, no. Reason. This feast of pure reason.

CISSY CAFFREY

(*Pulling Private Carr.*) Come on, you're boosed. He insulted me but I forgive him. (*Shouting in his ear.*) I forgive him for insulting me.

BLOOM

(*Over Stephen's shoulder.*) Yes, go. You see he's incapable.

(*Breaks loose.*) I'll insult him.

(*He rushes towards Stephen, fists outstretched, and strikes him in the face. Stephen totters, collapses, falls stunned. He lies prone, his face to the sky, his hat rolling to the wall. Bloom follows and picks it up.*)

It is after the crowd has been dispersed and the nightwatch urged away that Bloom's moment comes. Weakened and unsteadied by the evening but entirely master of himself he stands by the prone figure, observing with a great pity the face of the poet. Stephen incoherently mutters lines of poetry and the night eddies about these two exiles in the midst of Dublin's underworld. Slowly against the dark wall Bloom observes a figure materializing and he recognizes it as his dead son, Rudy. It seems to me that the symbolism is clear here for Rudy gazes back with unseeing eyes. He does not recognize his father. Neither does Stephen ever consciously express any spiritual kinship with Bloom. But the Jew for all his shallowness (indeed, perhaps, because of it) recognizes the son in Stephen. Ulysses has found Telemachus. So ends this *Walpurgisnacht*, one of the most astonishing achievements

in letters that has ever been successfully consummated.

3

If I were asked what most of all impressed me in this *Walpurgisnacht* scene I should certainly declare that it was the monstrous juxtaposition of an uproarious and extravagant comedy sense and an intrinsically tragic and pitiful reality. Out of an essential tawdriness, a shrivelled and practically hopeless squalidness of the spirit there gushes the unceasing and vividly-hued fireworks of a mirth that is almost mad in its manifestations. It is an extravaganza of demons and fallen gods, the bitter and uncompromising humor of a mind that has witnessed all the old ideals crashing down like feeble scaffoldings about it. With the materials from which other writers, even Goethe, would fashion tragedy Joyce has arranged a profane comedy that might almost be typified as a tragedy turned inside-out. All the old illusions are twisted and manipulated into new patterns; indeed, the people, thoughts and quintessences which make up this scene are snatched from their accepted stations and re-

orientated in an existence that is out of space and time and human evaluations. The externalization of ideas which constantly crops up in this Satanic dance of the mind has been likened to German Expressionism but the comparison seems to be based on a rather superficial foundation. I have no doubt but that Joyce arrived at his own method by a consistent development from the days of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and except for a few moments in the *Walpurgisnacht* scene there is nothing to immediately suggest Expressionism.

The tempo of this scene is furious. There is no letup from beginning to end as it mounts to huge bursts of laughter to the tragic finale. The basis of most of the humor is ridicule, the hard cerebral ridicule of the ironist who has smashed through all the paper-walls of his environment and, turning suddenly, observed the essential filth of life and noted how mocking the reality is when it is set against the ideal. The end of experience is here for ambitious, seeking spirits (for Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom) but there is no joy in it. The reasoning brain forever thwarts the one and the mystery of experience

confounds the other. Only passively and willingly may the ordure of existence be travelled to the odd resultant happiness. One must be part of the earth to entirely accept the earth; one must be like Marion Tweedy Bloom, richly foul, a Sycorax, Mother Earth herself.

With the passing away of the fitful fires of the *Walpurgisnacht* and the dying on darkness of the extravagant shapes Bloom and Stephen pass into the almost peaceful lassitude of the aftermath. There is the scene in "Skin-the-Goat's" cabman's shelter where they repair after Stephen comes to himself, drink bad coffee, listen to the conversation of the hangers-on, among them an oaf-like sailor compact with profanity and boasting, and gradually discover that it is possible for them to hold converse together, that there is an intellectual ground upon which they can really meet. Much is revealed here. The kinship between the two men is evident, a kinship, perhaps, more of mood than of mind. Bloom must eventually return to his dishonored bed and Stephen must go into the darkness in search of refuge. Before this parting takes place, however, the Jew brings Stephen home with him for chocolate

and a brief rest. The scene in Bloom's home is fashioned from a long litany of queries and responses, a method that suggests an examination paper more than anything else. The author is evident here. He stands above his two characters questioning their impulses and thoughts and then setting down the answers. The likenesses between the two men are starkly enumerated; both of them were sensitive to artistic impressions, preferring music to plastic or pictorial arts; both preferred a continental to an insular life; both disbelieved in orthodox religions. Bloom, if anything, is of a scientific disposition; Stephen, of course, is the acutely developed artist's mind. Stephen observes in Bloom the accumulation of the past with all its littlenesses, superstitions, vague endeavors to free itself from the entangling centuries of existence; Bloom observes in Stephen, perhaps vaguely, the predestination of a future, the cerebral revolt that will no longer bow the head in any temple of man's creation. Yet they stand in the silence of kinship a moment at the door before they part while the bells in the church of St. George ring out.

What echoes of that sound were by both and each heard?

By Stephen:

Liliata rutilantium. Turma circumdet.
Jubilantium te virginum. Chorus excipiat.

By Bloom:

Heigho, heigho,
Heigho, heigho.

It is in this manner that they part. For these two men the day has ended. Evening has found itself for both of them and the still stars look down upon the silent stage from which the hubbub has faded. It is on such a note as this that most people, perhaps, would imagine the book to end. But there is yet to come one more chapter, a chapter as astonishing in its content as in its typographical composition. Briefly: for 42 pages there is a portrayal of the thoughts rushing through Marion Tweedy Bloom's head as she lies in bed on the verge of slumber. There is not a comma or a period in this entire chapter; it runs along unbrokenly just as the thoughts in a person's head might do. This is the chapter of which Arnold Bennett wrote: "I have never read anything to surpass it, and I doubt if I have ever read

anything to equal it." This may seem excessive praise to some critics but in my opinion it is quite justified. In the first place, there is nothing like this chapter in all literature. The paralysing acuteness of this stenographic rendering of a woman's mind can arouse nothing but the most intense wonder. It is an achievement in itself. Marion Tweedy Bloom lies there in the bed from which her latest lover, Blazes Boylan, has but recently departed and her mind drifts back over all the lovers she has possessed and the many times she has given herself to them. It is the frankest sort of writing and not a single thing is left to the imagination. Everything is set down with a relentless precision.

Marion Bloom stands for more than a licentious woman. She is Gea, the Earth-Mother, wallowing in a rich, virile filth, turning back to the thoughts of her lovers with a joyful gusto. There is no question of morals in regard to her. She is set apart from morality or immorality, the bravely functioning animal upon whom the ends of the world are set. She, alone, of all the characters in the book has achieved her objective. The others are defeated intellects, Stephen de-

voured by his sensitive introspection, Bloom relegated to the scrap-heap because of his weaknesses and incoherencies. Marion alone is triumphant. It is as though a vast organ peal symbolizing the passive, procreant earth rang out at the conclusion of the thinner music of the spiritual adventurers who had passed before. Lover after lover slips back into Marion's mind as she lies beside her silent husband and she coarsely relives her moments of sexual excitement, her mind shaken with a gross mirth. She, at least, will never be defeated for she has never marched out to any battle. She has accepted and wallowed in her environment, a being close to the dark slime of the earth. Mother Earth, fruitful and eternally lustful, seeking her lovers for her own animal-delight, hardly conscious of cerebral differences, she lies there on the verge of slumber while a slow exultation threads her blood. Though petulant thoughts of the brutality of some of her lovers aggravate her consciousness at moments her irritation always dissolves back into a sensual joy that is wholly insolent. There are even moments when the thought of Stephen Dedalus comes into her mind and she is carnally desirous of him but

we feel that it is not the brain that is appealing to her; it is the white body, the strangeness. Gradually her thoughts turn to her husband and end upon the memory of her first surrender to him and who can doubt but that it is Mother Earth, quivering with a coarse sensual beauty, that is thinking?

. . . I love flowers Id love to have the whole place swimming in roses God of heaven theres nothing like nature the whole mountains then the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country with fields of oats and wheat and all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going about that would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes and flowers all sorts of shapes and smells and colors springing up even out of the ditches primroses and violets nature it is as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why dont they go and create something I often asked him atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash the cobbles off themselves first then go howling for the priest and they dying and why why because theyre afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience ah yes I know them well who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that made it all who ah that they dont know neither do I so there you are they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him

the bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it was leap-year like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long kiss I nearly lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain yes so we are all flowers of a womans body yes that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I wouldnt answer first only looking out over the sea and the sky I was thinking of so many things he didnt know of Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and father and old captain Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I say stoop and washing up dishes they called it on the pier and the sentry in front of the governors house with the thing round his white helmet poor devil half roasted and the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their tall combs and the auctions in the morning the Greeks and the Jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who else from all the ends of Europe and Duke street and the fowl market all clucking outside Larby Sharons and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the big wheels of the carts of the bulls and the old castle thousand of years old yes and those handsome Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night and the castenets and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent

O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountains yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

There is an ardent paganism in such lines as these that is unconscious but nevertheless emphatic. Marion Bloom is not particularly aware that she is a pagan but all the marks by which we recognize pagans, sensuous joy in color and sound and movement and the deepseated worship of the earth, peer from behind her steadily flowing stream of thought. It is only the delights of the senses that move her; she is hardly a creature of delicate intellectual satieties.

If we observe this chapter with the design of establishing its authenticity as a document picturing the subconscious mind of a woman we are

immediately flung into a maelstrom of conjectures and arguments. Mary M. Colum, for instance, likens Marion Bloom to a female gorilla and apparently refuses to accept the premises upon which Joyce builds. The gorilla simile (amusing as it is) hardly seems apposite to me for I can discover no actual ferocity or cruelty in Marion Bloom. Instead of this, I find an uninhibited lust, a vast grossness that is frequently touched with a vigorous coarse beauty. Another accusation against the authenticity of Joyce's portrait is that a woman is more passive to sexual excitement, and that it does not linger in her mind, that—after all—it is but secondary to the greater instinct of maternity. This may be generally true but we have all the nymphomaniacs in the world for exceptions, then. Besides we must remember that Marion Bloom's childhood and formative years were passed on Gibraltar beneath the passionate influences of Latin and Moorish blood. Of course, there can be such women as Marion and (in my opinion, at least) such a type was necessary to set the last mocking touch to "Ulysses." This perverted Penelope (so opposite in nature to her Greek prototype who sat

chastely waiting for her wandering husband) ends the book upon the note which is hinted time and again in the bitterness of Stephen Dedalus. In a world of flesh it is only the fleshly people who seem to be most contented with their lot.

4

So much conscious moralizing has gone into my remarks concerning Joyce's work that there is likely to be a misconception concerning the author's objective. I do not believe that he is either moral or immoral; he is unmoral. He is a tremendous individualist possessing all the arrogant self-concentration of the individualist. With a vast simplicity he ignores all our established codes and usages, writing exactly what he desires to write in the manner which seems most feasible to him. We must never forget that he has deliberately burst from the shell of an ethical system for this explains in some measure his intensity, his terrific lunging against an established order of things. There is self-laceration in "Ulysses" as well as a unique tyranny that is essentially cerebral over an environment-formulated emotionalism. The saints, approached

from a certain attitude, were no more than perverted tyrants and, although Stephen Dedalus is neither St. Stephen nor Lucifer, he might easily (by a slight shifting of mental values) have become either. As it is he is a religiast without a religion, an organism crying for that very thing which the brain persuades him does not exist. Whether or not, deepseated in his consciousness, the implacable Roman Catholic still has his habitation will be a matter of argument. Certain Roman Catholics will assert that this is so, that Stephen Dedalus, is an Aquinian, that he cannot be judged from a knowledge of the American type of Roman Catholicism, that one must understand the subtle complicated existence of the European type. This may be so. The statements in this book are, of course, made from an American point of view. And from that viewpoint it seems very plain that Stephen has turned his back upon a religion that hardly ever relaxes its grasp upon a sensitive communicant. It is possible that this statement may be somewhat shaken by the presentation of the argument that it is from the contemporary manifestations of the Church that Stephen Dedalus' mind revolts. That, in

Dublin, at least, the Roman Catholic Church (as viewed by Stephen) may seem to have developed into a Puritanical enterprise in almost everything but name, is one of the manifestations which has been suggested to me by a Dublin Catholic. But as far back as "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" Stephen seems to have made up his mind about even the essential core of religion. There, in answer to Cranley's question, ". . .you do not intend to become a protestant?" Stephen answers, "I said that I had lost the faith but not that I had lost self-respect. What kind of liberation would that be to forsake an absurdity which is logical and coherent and to embrace one which is illogical and incoherent?" In either case he refers to the churches as absurdities. And yet in the back of Stephen's mind that instinctive, deeply-planted Aquinianism constantly manifests itself. He is an astonishing modern product of scholastic philosophy. The more one thinks about Stephen Dedalus the more complicated his mentality becomes. It might almost be affirmed that he is as complete and irritating a creation as Hamlet.

VII

It is, of course, manifest that the parallelisms between "Ulysses" and Homer's "Odyssey" are the result of a desire on Joyce's part to create for himself a structural scaffolding whereon to build the enormous quantity of material necessary to a complete revelation of his intention. The technical schema so appropriated also permitted the symbolism—the spiritual overtones of the wanderings of son and father to a tentative meeting —which assuredly was implicit in the original core of "Ulysses" as it suggested itself to Joyce. There is no analytic method by which one can arrive at a complete knowledge of the primal inception and progressive steps from which any masterpiece is fashioned but in a general way certain deductions may be set one against the other with the subsequent arrival at a reasonable explanation. Joyce certainly had the general theme of "Ulysses" in his mind when he started the book in Rome. At the same time various aspects of

the work would suggest it to be a growth and not an effort which sprang forth fully conceived to the last particular. During the years while Joyce labored at "Ulysses" there were times undoubtedly when shifts of specific incidents, suddenly illuminated moments and spontaneously acquired episodes, varied the procedure of creation. This would not have been the case (at least, to any extent) had the novelist paralleled the "Odyssey" in a close chronological fashion with his modern applications of spiritual resemblances and drawn a meticulous chart from the Greek epic. Instead of this, the parallelisms with the "Odyssey" do not follow the absolute scheme of Homer's work except in a general fashion. Rather are these parallelisms subdued to the exigencies of this momentous day traversed by Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom. While it is true that "Ulysses" opens with three chapters descriptive of Stephen's venture on the day much as the "Odyssey" narrates the departure of Telemachus in search of his father the bulk of the book is not to be so easily associated with Homer. And because this is so the importance of the likeness between "Ulysses" and the "Odyssey" is

diminished. At the same time we must not belittle this resemblance for it is more than an artful dodge; the entire symbolism of the book depends upon it and the success with which it is handled.

Joyce's technical procedure is absolutely his own and the symbolism relating to the Homeric aspects is notable particularly because it falls in with that of the "Odyssey" so naturally. The theoretic critic is apt to over-emphasize the likeness through a hasty desire to demonstrate his own familiarity with Homer and because certain of the episodes are so obvious. But "Ulysses" is a great and moving book even to the reader quite ignorant of Homer. It is true that the "Odyssey" is knit by a circumscribed theme which reaches its apogee and dénouement with the twanging of the huge bow and the hissing of the arrows in the dishonored Ithacan palace but the epic, for all this, must be regarded as a picaresque achievement. "Ulysses," in spite of the wanderings of Stephen and Bloom, is not, in its essence, a picaresque book. It is a carefully built-up edifice with every chapter peculiarly adapted to the action which it circumscribes and in totality a

rounded whole. Just as Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom pass through many diverse situations so, too, does the prose pass through many diverse styles. There is an inevitable progress here, a philosophical and spiritual pilgrimage, with hardly an extraneous incident for the sake of the incident Here, perhaps, is one reason why Joyce deranged his Homeric parallelisms. It is only where his theme naturally falls into Homeric analogies that he emphasizes the kinship to an absolute duplication of action. An instance of this is the scene where the Citizen in Kiernan's pub flings the biscuit tin after Bloom. His eye is put out by fire—the sun, for instance, as the eye of Polyphemus is put out by fire—a blazing torch, in the "Odyssey."

I have said that these parallelisms are the result of a desire on Joyce's part to have a structural scaffolding and while this is generally true it is, perhaps, more accurate to limit (or enlarge) this desire to a symbolic scaffolding. With "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" finished Joyce turned to the large mass of material which was to result in "Ulysses." The Homeric likeness must have been a revelation to him. Here

was something definite with which to deal, something that would permit him to carry on still further the technical exploration which had started so brilliantly in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," something which would aid selection and place in a huge scheme the astonishing book which he was to write. At the same time, a vast symbolism presented itself, a symbolism which would do no less than set off one world against another, the mythic heroics of the past with the dark and destructive materialism of the present. Stephen, sprung from a middle-class Dublin family, was a phoenix, a rare creature of the spirit partially broken by environment and continually tortured by spiritual and æsthetic reflections who possessed no father on earth. And there was to be Bloom, Bloom who, in the words of Ezra Pound, "is the basis of democracy; he is the man in the street, the next man, the public, not our public but Mr. Wells's public; for Mr. Wells he is Hocking's public, he is *l'homme moyen sensuel;* he is also Shakespeare, Ulysses, The Wandering Jew, the *Daily Mail* reader, the man who believes what he sees in the papers, Everyman, and 'the goat' . . ." This

is all true enough; but Bloom is more than that. He is a fumbling desire, a subconscious stretching of an interior self toward unknown but dimly apprehended things. There is a void in his nature which might have been filled by living vicariously through a son. It is easy to see how Joyce related these two characters to Telemachus and Ulysses. And with this relationship established the entire theme must have begun to flower out in his mind. Here was his modern Ulysses and his modern Telemachus; therefore he had but to mull over his material and select those incidents that would accord with the various scenes in the "Odyssey." At the same time he was careful to use these classical parallelisms only in so far as they forwarded the theme which already in its generic outline was laboring in his mind for expression. He subdued nothing to technique or symbolism but rather shaped these things into an inevitable frame for his subject matter. If certain scenes were lacking in the original conception the Homeric situations would suggest parallels to him but never to a deliberate straining to so symbolize them. This was not merely a question of sitting down and saying, "Now what

will we do for a modern prototype of Calypso?" That entered into it (it must have) but it is safe to assert that the whole scheme flowered naturally and without too conscious attempts at these likenesses. Having reached this place in his creative progress the definite growth of the structure began.

Much has been stated about the composition of "Ulysses" and among other things it has been asserted that the various chapters were written in colored crayons in order to make clear the symbolism. The manuscript which I have seen (one that Joyce sent in batches to Mr. John Quinn and which was later put up at auction) is not at all unusual. It is presumably the first complete draft (there must have been multitudes of notes and tentative sketches preceding it and these were quite likely set down in varied hues as a working guide) and it may be of some interest to describe it. About three-quarters of the material is written on sheets of white paper (smaller than the usual type-writer size) and the rest is set down in note-books. It is all done in black ink and the handwriting is quite clear. The specification of parts is limited to a few abrupt cap-

tions which furnish no more than stray hints as to the Homeric analogies. For instance, the note-book containing that chapter of questions and responses in which Stephen is at Bloom's home after the terrific *Walpurgisnacht* is simply labelled "Ithaca." The copy is clean with but few corrections or blocked-out passages. Joyce, except in some of the note-books, begins in the centre of a page and leaves the left-hand side of the sheet clear all the way down for possible corrections.

All this, of course, is of minor interest. The thing that matters is the reason for the Homeric scaffolding. Part of this reason, I have already ventured to assert, is for structural purposes and for a patent symbolism which would not be too far from ordinary culture. The rest of this reason, I am inclined to believe, lies in the opportunities for vast irony which the construction offered Joyce. The whole book, in a way, is an ironic comment on life. Set against Homer it becomes a colossal accusation. If we see Bloom as a modern Ulysses how much more poignantly (and ironically) do we observe the peregrinations of this wanderer across the wine-dark sea of life

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was buoyantly upheld behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

— Introibo ad altare Dei.

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stair and called out coarsely:

— Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untonsured hair, patched and peeled like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

— Back to barracks! he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF "ULYSSES"

[Courtesy of the Anderson Galleries, Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, President.]

which is here represented by Dublin? And what pathetic distances there are between the sirens singing in the ancient sunlight and Miss Douce and Miss Kennedy in the Ormond Hotel Bar as they polish glasses or snap a lascivious garter for the delectation of a leering drinker. One follows the mythic likenesses, then, with some interest for they do reveal more of the interior personalities. Just as Bloom set in juxtaposition to Ulysses tells us something that is rather beyond words so, too, do the lesser personages set off against their Homeric prototypes. These likenesses are many, too many to set down wholly, but here are the more important as I see them:

Ulysses	Leopold Bloom
Telemachus	Stephen Dedalus
Nestor	Mr. Deasy
Mercury	Malachi Mulligan
Calypso	Martha Clifford
Circe	Bella Cohen
Penelope	Marion Tweedy Bloom
Tiresias	Rudolph Virag (Bloom's suicide father)
The Sirens	Miss Douce and Miss Kennedy
The Cyclops	The Mad Citizen in Kiernan's
Elpenor	Paddy Dignam

Eolus	Dan Dawson
Nausikaa	Gerty MacDowell
The Lestrygonians	The gobblers of food in the Burton
Antinous	Blazes Boylan
Eumaeus, the swine-herd	"Skin-the-Goat"

With these in mind the analogies become clear. Also to be noted are such parallelisms as the newspaper office and The Cave of the Winds; the scene in the Holles Street Lying-in Hospital and The Oxen of the Sun; the chapter built up from the many scenes of Dublin mid-day life and The Wandering Rocks; Stephen wandering by the sea after his duties at Mr. Deasy's school and Proteus; parts of the *Walpurgisnacht* scene and The Descent to Hades; Paddy Dignam's funeral and the burial of Elpenor. So one might go on pointing out the analogies. One thing, however, must be borne in mind by any reader who desires to dig out these parallels and that is that quite often the Homeric likenesses are but brief motifs, that the scenes from the "Odyssey" are not always fully worked out or entirely paralleled by the modern situations. Sometimes they are but a suggestion, a point of departure for Joyce. Af-

ter all, the important part of this Homeric scaffolding is implicit in the symbolism. And this symbolism is a matter of vast strokes.

Symbolism such as this removes the work from the ordinary category of the novel. "Ulysses" is not a novel in the common sense of the word for it is a definite step beyond that limited literary form. Someone has said that the novel is the confession of a society but "Ulysses" crosses the line between contemporary confession and an intimated philosophy (intimated perhaps negatively) for the future. In essence it is a new art-form, a cross between the novel as we understand it and the epic. Allied to these qualities are the philosophical and æsthetic adumbrations.

Mr. T. S. Eliot recently attempted to explain the reason for Joyce's use of Homer in "Ulysses" and his explanation comes sufficiently close to my own convictions to be set down here. He writes: "In using the myth, in manipulating a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity, Mr. Joyce is pursuing a method which others must pursue after him. They will not be imitators, any more than the scientist who uses the discoveries of an Einstein in pursuing his

own, independent, further investigations. It is simply a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history."

Mr. Eliot is too dogmatic in the main and he builds from the premise that the novel is obsolescent but in the concluding sentence of his paragraph he touches upon the real reason for the Homeric analogies. They furnish a method "of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and significance." I do not see that it matters whether it is a "panorama of futility and anarchy" or a millenium of milk and honey. The mythic parallel may be used in either case and in so stating I do not misunderstand the purport of Mr. Eliot's particular thesis. At the same time it is easily postulated that "Ulysses" crosses the literary Rubicon that separates the novel, intense and cerebral as it has become, from an art-form that is broader and more inclusive than anything we have yet seen. A great door has been flung open and what progress may be made from this frontier is but a matter of speculation. It is possible that James Joyce will yet show us what

lies beyond the mountainous achievement of "Ulysses" for it is rumored that he is already busy on another work which will take a decade to complete.

Coming to the conclusion of a brief study that is obviously mainly a matter of exposition it is perceptible that much must be left unsaid. There is work for expert theologians as well as critics of letters in the last two books by James Joyce. But certain things may be confidently set down and amongst them is the assertion that if Joyce were never to do another book there can be but small doubt that he has securely established himself as the most extraordinary practitioner of letters in our day. There is a somewhat lurid light about the eminence upon which he stands, and, perhaps, he will always be approached rather gingerly by certain readers suspecting the smell of brimstone. The trenches of conservatism are deep and it is only a minority who lift their heads above it. But that minority will recognize James Joyce for what he is and he can hardly ask for more.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF JOYCE'S LIFE

James A. Joyce was born on February 2, 1882, in Dublin, the son of John Joyce and Mary Murray, a County Cork family. He was educated at the Jesuit institution, Clongowes Wood College, Belvedere College, and the National University (formerly known as the Royal University), Dublin. From the first he studied languages, among them being Norwegian, the tongue in which Ibsen wrote. He left Dublin in his early manhood, taking up a residence in Paris, where, for a time, he studied medicine at the University of Paris. Dropping the idea of becoming a doctor he turned to the cultivation of his voice, a beautiful tenor, but a number of incidents put an end to his plans of becoming a professional singer. Returning to Dublin he began the composition of the stories which make up "Dubliners," and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." In 1904 he married Nora, the

daughter of Thomas and Ann Barnacle, of Galway. Two children, a boy and a girl, were born of this union. It was shortly after his marriage that he went abroad again as a teacher of English in a European Berlitz school. Returning to Dublin about 1912 with his son and daughter he opened a motion-picture theatre, the "Volta," which apparently was not successful. Returning to the Continent again he lived at Trieste. At the outbreak of the war he moved to Switzerland where he taught various languages. The conclusion of the war brought him to Paris. Combatting an ailment of the eyes, he completed "Ulysses" there.

A SELECTED LIST OF ARTICLES ON "ULYSSES"

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"James Joyce et Pecuchet" par Ezra Pound—Mercure de France, June 1, 1922.

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Parnell. (This is a pamphlet which Joyce declares he wrote at the age of nine and which was distributed in Dublin. No copy is known to exist.) (1891?)

2

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3

Chamber/Music/By/James Joyce/Elkin Mathews/Vigo Street, London/16mo. The title is set in a design with a harpsichord, the date, 1907, being at the top. Bound in light green boards with title in gold on side and back. Contents consists of 36 poems on 36 unnumbered pages. 1907.

4

Chamber Music/By James Joyce/Authorized edition published by/B. W. Huebsch, New York,

MCMXVIII/publisher's device/16mo. On page following title is: Publisher's Note / This is the only American edition of/Chamber Music authorized by Mr./Joyce. Bound in dark brown boards with title stamped on side in gold and on back in blind lettering. Gilt top. Contents consists of 36 poems on 36 unnumbered pages. 1918.

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Same as above except in slightly larger format and bound in black boards. 1918.

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Ulysses / By / James Joyce / Published for the / Egoist Press, London / By / John Rodker, Paris/1922/ Small bulky quarto bound in blue paper-wrappers with title on side in white. This second edition was limited to 2000 copies. Extra leaf is inserted reading: The publishers apologize for typographical/errors a list of which is appended/Loose errata pages numbering eight and containing 201 typographical corrections are laid in. 732 pages. 1922.

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A number of translations in manuscript exist or did exist. Those known are (1): John M. Synge's "Riders to the Sea," done into Italian; (2) the first version of William Butler Yeats's "Countess Cathleen," done into Italian; and (3) Gerhart Hauptmann's "Vor Sonnenaufgang" ("Before Sunrise") done into English. The manuscript of this last, in a black-bound note-book, runs to 198 pages, and is dated "Summer, 1901."